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The Week

THE beginning of the new year finds the international situation on the whole somewhat worse than it was a year ago. The breakdown of the Geneva Conference has clouded Anglo-American relations and brought us perilously close to the beginning of a race in naval armament. In Europe, the relations between France and Italy, Italy and Jugoslavia, Rumania and Russia, Russia and Poland, remain in a dangerous state of tension. In the Orient, the Chinese revolution shows no signs of entering a more peaceful stage, and seems likely to continue its present bloody course for years. The present Japanese government is more chauvinistic than its predecessor, and the Manchurian situation grows correspondingly more serious. On the bright side of the ledger must be recorded the astonishing improvement in relations between Mexico and the United States, the easing, temporarily at least, of the tension over the Polish-Lithuanian dispute, the results of Lindbergh's flight to France, and Russia's reëntrance into the western European concert of nations, by participating in the League's preliminary conference on disarmament.

THE Pan-American Congress will meet on January 16 in an atmosphere which no one would have ventured to predict three months ago. The changed factor is the new spirit of good will between Mexico and the United States. The appointment of Morrow, the oil-case decision of the Mexican Supreme Court, the visits of Will Rogers, Colonel Lindbergh and the latter's mother, have combined to mark what seems to be the beginning of a new era of good feeling. Most of the causes for dissension still remain, it is true, and are as obstinate as ever; but international controversies which seem incapable of solution in an angry atmosphere have a fashion of melting away magically when there is a genuine will to peace. Harmony for which the basis is so slender, and, to some extent, so illogical, may prove evanescent; should it last until the Pan-American Congress is ended, Mr. Coolidge may consider that his famous luck has served him again. Throughout Latin America, the tide of resentment against "the Colossus of the North" has been steadily rising in recent years. Leaders of the movement have proposed to bring it to a head in two major proposals at Havana: (1) a resolution attacking all intervention by one power in the affairs of another; (2) a demand that for the present Pan-American Union, of dubious status, there be substituted an official, legal society of states, in which every nation will have the same representation and rights as every other. But it is from Mexico that the rest of Latin America largely takes its cue, as regards the United States; and if Mexico is in a mood not to poke holes in the hornet's nest, the likelihood of such action is greatly diminished.

ARE American submarines operated with a needless and indeed a criminal disregard for the safety of their crews? After the S-4 sank, was everything possible done to save her men from their terrible fate? These are questions which no layman is competent to answer. But a layman may observe that on these points the Navy's voice should not be the only one heard. The Navy is a defendant before the bar of public opinion; and it is fair to say that from the moment the S-4 went down, it has conducted its own case about as badly as possible. It showed an almost complete indifference to the de-

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mand of the American public for news of the attempts at rescue—a demand which could have been met without impeding the progress of the work. Secretary Wilbur's various statements on the subject seemed less than candid, and carried an unfortunate impression of the ruffled bureaucrat, indignant that anyone should regard his sacred machine as anything but perfect. Luckily, there is plenty of expert testimony available from persons who are not in the Navy; and something can be learned with profit from the practice of foreign powers, which of recent years have had a better record of freedom from accident than our own. We trust that Congress will authorize an investigation, and that its committee will see to it that those competent to answer Secretary Wilbur's easy optimism are given an opportunity to do so.

THE acquittal of Calogero Greco and Donato Carillo, charged with the murder of Nicholas Amorroso and Joseph Carisi in the Bronx on May 30 last, while the two latter were on the way to join the Fascist parade, demands comment for several reasons. In the first place, the prosecution was so weak as to be frivolous. This case was apparently handed to the state by the Fascist League of North America. One of the eye-witnesses to the crime testified that he had been offered $2,500 by an officer of the League to identify Greco and Carillo. The only important witness against them was Alexander Rocco, an organizer for the League. He had previously testified at the police examination that the murderer of Carisi was a man of six feet or five feet ten, while neither Greco nor Carillo was more than five feet six. The testimony of Alfano, also presented by the state as an identifying witness, was merely laughable. Why Greco and Carillo should have been selected as the victims of this judicial baiting is a mystery. They are tailors, living in Brooklyn, miles away from the scene of the crime. Neither was active in Italian politics, but both had been involved in a demonstration against a Fascist parade in Brooklyn a few days before the crime, and Greco had been slightly wounded. Apparently the demand for victims on the part of Fascists and police combined resulted in what can only be termed a crude frame-up.

CRUDE as the attempt was, however, the jeopardy was real. The trial brought out evidence in regard to the obligations under the Fascist oath, which are contrary to the requirements of citizenship in this country, and concerning the activities of American Fascists supported by Italian diplomatic and consular representatives, which were revealed by the New Republic in its issue of September 14, 1927. It is said that most of the Italian policemen of New York are Fascists, who have taken the oath to Mussolini. In spite of the tenuous nature of the case against them, Greco and Carillo suffered imprisonment for more than five months. Mindful of the fate of Sacco and Vanzetti, the defense was based upon a thorough investigation of all the circumstances of the case, and all the testimony offered on both sides. Had not this been made, the outcome might have been very different, with two obscure individuals confronted by all the resources of the district attorney's office, the police and the powerful Fascist organization. The defense committee is still engaged in raising the sum of twenty thousand dollars, which it cost to save two innocent men from the electric chair. Contributions may be sent to the Greco-Carillo Defense Committee, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THAT students and faculties will not always submit to the ignominy of suppression of speech and opinion is shown by occurrences of the University of West Virginia. President Trotter recently declared that no speaker could be heard on the campus who was objectionable to the Military Department, the American Legion or the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Kirby Page, invited to address the students under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. on "Intolerance" and "The Meaning of the Cross," fell under this ban. President Trotter requested the Y. W. C. A. to cancel the engagement. Mr. Page spoke off the campus. Protests by faculty and students were voiced by the local paper, The New Dominion, which remarked:

> The New Dominion is frank to say that it has no sympathy with many of Kirby Page's viewpoints. But less than two weeks ago a distinguished admiral of the United States Navy presented the cause of preparedness from the convocation platform. That the same opportunity should be refused one who believes in pacifism and the outlawing of war would be farcical if it were not tragic.

Trotter has resigned.

THE Civic Welfare Alliance is a Boston organization which modestly confesses that it is devoted to propaganda on behalf of the Baumes laws, and takes to itself much of the credit for the fact that these laws, with minor modifications, have lately been adopted in ten states. Under their provisions, it might have added but didn't, a man is serving a life sentence for possessing a pint of gin. He had three times previously committed similar trifling offenses. Another individual with a *penchant* for petty larceny—and nothing else in his record—is serving a similar term for stealing thirty cents. Still another has been put away for life because he got drunk and took an automobile which didn't belong to him: he harmed no one and brought the car back as soon as he was sober. Juries in the states which have these statutes are refusing to convict a fourth offender even when he is plainly guilty; judges denounce the Baumes laws from the bench. Every reputable penologist,

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so far as we are aware, opposes them. One wonders, then, what dark and bloody secret springs of hatred cause these doubtless well intentioned Boston busybodies to spend their time and money furthering such a bad cause.

A BARRAGE of propaganda on behalf of an increased American merchant marine is now under way. The advocates of a big navy have also turned their attention to merchant ships which could be made a valuable adjunct of the fighting fleet in case of war. Navy Day produced no end of speeches on this subject; and since then we have had Admiral Magruder's plea for a subsidy, the proposal of a $500,000,000 government fund, to be loaned at 2.5 percent to shipbuilders, made by former chairman Hurley of the Shipping Board, and several pro-subsidy resolutions by Chambers of Commerce. The government is determined to sell its fleet of 6,300,000 tons, of which three-fifths is lying idle and the other two-fifths earns so little that the total deficit is $20,000,000 a year; but no one wants to buy vessels which are rapidly becoming, or are already, obsolete. The present large fund available for loans to shipbuilders, up to two-thirds of the cost of a vessel, at 4.25 percent, has not produced any noteworthy amount of building. Congress is strongly opposed to any direct subsidization, though it might be persuaded to give indirect assistance, and particularly since the failure of the Geneva Conference. We may look for an interesting fight on this question in the present session.

WE solemnly warn all members of university faculties, however distinguished, that they may say anything displeasing to the electric utility magnates only at their peril. The chairman of the Public Relations Section of the National Electric Light Association, in reference to gifts which had been made to Harvard and Northwestern University, recently deplored Professor W. Z. Ripley's attack on the malpractices of the utility and other large corporations. Further than this, he went on to say, "If we can be sure that we have got hold, with reference to our industry, of the will of Jehovah, perhaps we may also play the part of Jehovah in putting into the mouth of the particular Balaam, that is, college professor, whom we are asking to go forth, some of the truth which we would like, which we have a right, to have prophesied." But however much college professors may dislike to play the role of Balaam to Mr. Samuel Insull's Jehovah, they should remember that the National Utility Association has just entered upon an expensive publicity campaign, which will buy newspaper space wholesale and engage hundreds of speakers (college professors included, perhaps), and that the billions of profits which the utilies are garnering form the largest source now available to be tapped by the money-raising campaigns of indigent universities.

The Bone of Naval Contention

UNTIL recently, there were many Americans who thought that, in a world which bristled with unsolved problems of international relations, actual or latent animosities, irrepressible conflicts of interest and potential wars, the English-speaking peoples had, with the help of Japan, surveyed and divided at least one valley of conciliation and adjustment. Recognizing that the competitive building of battleships, and ill-defined and conflicting policies in the Pacific, might eventually embroil them all in war, they assembled six years ago in Washington, and, at the cost of many grievous sacrifices, agreed to base their future policy of naval construction, not on the fear of one another or the grave probability of war with one another, but upon a realistic guarantee of mutual inoffensiveness. Although they did not abolish naval armaments, they agreed, in the matters of capital ships and naval bases, upon a substantially fixed balance of power. Each of the three fleets was to be supreme in its home waters, but impotent to invade the waters of the others. Particularly as between the United States and Great Britain, the Washington treaties seemed like the beginning of a relationship similar to that which exists between the United States and Canada—a relationship which excludes from calculation the possibility of war.

The events of the past year have blasted this illusion. At the last session of Congress, the champions of the American Navy called attention to the aggressive building program of the British Admiralty and its overwhelming superiority in cruisers, and insisted on the renewal of competitive construction by the United States. President Coolidge summoned the Geneva Conference in order to put an end to the friction and save the expense, but his advisers miscalculated the strength of the motives which prompted the British program. Instead of negotiating an agreement, the Conference ended in utter and sinister dissension. The natural result has followed. The President has submitted to Congress a program of construction which provides, in addition to miscellaneous vessels, for the building of five 10,000-ton cruisers a year for five years. Mr. Coolidge has explained that by adding these twenty-five cruisers *de luxe* to the Navy, the United States is not allowing itself to be sucked into a new competition in naval armaments. It is too well behaved a nation to do anything so unmannerly. Like Great Britain, the United States is merely arming for the adequate protection of its own interests. But, in spite of the President's disclaimer, the real significance of the new program is only too apparent. The proposed cruisers are not intended, except indirectly, to safeguard American commerce. They are weapons for attacking the commerce of an enemy. The enemy may be Japan, but more likely

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than Japan it is Great Britain. Only against Great Britain would it be necessary to build so many cruisers.

Those who question this interpretation should read the relevant parts of a book, "War or Peace," recently published by Boni and Liveright, and written by Commander Kenworthy, formerly of the British navy. The author discusses in several candid chapters the outlook for a war between the two peoples, and the probable course of such a war. It is very well to denounce such an eventuality as inconceivable, but the profound repulsion which the idea of it arouses cannot obscure the fact that responsible naval officials in the two countries *are* conceiving the possibility and are preparing for it. The English-speaking peoples have relapsed into a condition of actual rivalry and potential antagonism more explicit than that which existed before the Washington Conference. Instead of moving in a direction which would exclude from political calculation the possibility of war, they are adopting expensive programs of armament which are based on the calculation of war—not war in general, but war with one another.

No one who understands what the 10,000-ton cruiser is, why it has become what it is, and what function it is intended to perform in a modern navy, can doubt the existence of this rivalry. In the words of Commander Kenworthy, "The modern 10,000-ton cruiser of great speed and with a powerful armament has become the world's standard warship. Naval strength today is measured in terms of such cruisers." When the Washington Conference authorized the unlimited construction of vessels of this size but confined their armament to eight-inch guns, they appeared to be puny affairs compared to a 35,000-ton battleship or the 41,000-ton battle cruiser. But in the meantime the naval experts have labored ingeniously to perfect a vessel within the prescribed limits which would rule those parts of the ocean in which there were no battleships. They have succeeded. The modern cruiser attains the hitherto unheard-of speed of thirty-five nautical miles an hour; some of its armor is worked into the hull; and its eight-inch guns of new design are equal in hitting power and range to the old twelve-inch guns. They are extremely powerful vessels both for attack and defense, with a wide range of action and the utmost mobility. They are peculiarly effective as commerce destroyers. They are, in fact, expressly designed to patrol and control the long reaches of the inter-continental sea-way. The British cruisers could not, of course, challenge the supremacy of the American fleet in American waters. They could not carry on a blockade, in the old meaning of the word, of American or Japanese ports. But they could scour the high seas, challenged only by cruisers of similar speed and armament, exterminate inferior naval vessels which crossed their path, and capture at will the commerce carriers of both neutrals and the enemy. The country which possessed a preponderance of them would make the commerce of its enemies on the high seas impossible, and would dispose of an unquestionable supremacy of sea power.

The British designers were the first to devise and exploit the new type of vessel. The Admiralty has always specialized in cruisers as a means of protecting British trade routes, but not until recently in these super-cruisers. It forced the Labor government in 1924 to authorize the building of five of them, thus outclassing similar vessels which other nations had built or had proposed to build. In 1925 it demanded a large additional building program spread over a number of years. At that time Great Britain possessed forty-nine vessels which were classified as cruisers, Japan eighteen, the United States nine, and France seven. This looked like a fair margin of strength, at least over the United States, but it was not enough. The proposals of the Admiralty encountered a great deal of opposition from the Conservative government. According to Commander Kenworthy, the whole Board of Admiralty at one time threatened to resign. By these means it won at the expense only of a concession in the size of some of the vessels. The program, as adopted, provided for four cruisers of 10,000 tons in 1925, two of 10,000 and one of 7,500 tons in 1926, one of 10,000 tons and two of 7,500 in 1927, and the same in 1928 and 1929—sixteen in all. Recently the government decided to delay two of the cruisers which were to be laid down in 1927.

According to the best available figures, the United States will, by the end of 1929, possess twelve modern cruisers, two being of 10,000 and ten of 7,500 tons; at the same date the British Admiralty will dispose of twenty ships of corresponding types, of which, however, seventeen will displace 10,000 tons and three 7,500 tons. Japan will have four of the larger vessels with four more almost completed and four of the smaller type. In addition, Great Britain will possess some twenty and Japan seventeen still smaller cruisers, against none at all for the United States. On the other hand, at the end of another five years, if the United States carries out the projected program of twenty-five new vessels, and Great Britain stands still, the American Navy will have earned a superiority in cruiser strength. This superiority would be so considerable that the American cruiser fleet could presumably make it dangerous for British cruisers to venture very far from their bases in many parts of the ocean, and they could almost destroy British over-seas commerce, except with the continent of Europe and with Asia and Africa through the Mediterranean. The cruiser fleets of both countries would apparently be more effective in destroying enemy commerce than they would in safeguarding the commerce of their own nationals. How the British Admiralty can dispose of enough cruisers to protect the more exposed lanes of British over-seas com-

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merce in the event of war with Japan or the United States is, so far as we can see, an insoluble problem. Yet it is a problem which it has so far deliberately imposed upon itself by starting to build super-cruisers in large numbers, and by so violating what Americans took to be the spirit of the Washington agreement.

It would be foolhardy for either Englishmen or Americans to pooh-pooh the danger of an eventual collision which this competition involves. Their two governments are arming for a war which, considering the nature of the armaments, can only be waged with each other. Their navies may be inoffensive in the sense that their respective fleets cannot effectively operate in each other's home waters and cannot blockade each other's ports; but they are offensive in the sense that they are being specially equipped to capture and destroy commerce-carriers on the high seas. The most valuable prerogative which the mistress of the seas has traditionally exercised is this power of stifling the commerce of her enemies. It enabled Great Britain finally to defeat both Napoleon and the German Empire. Certainly in modern conditions the ability to interrupt the commerce of an enemy is of more importance than the ability to transport troops by sea. As between nations such as the United States, Great Britain and Japan, invasions are not an available weapon of strategy, no matter whose navy controls the seas. But any of them would have to submit sooner or later to the power which could annihilate or seriously injure its foreign commerce. Great Britain is more quickly vulnerable in this respect than the United States and Japan; and British apologists base their claim for a clear preponderance in the matter of commerce-destroying and protecting vessels upon this fact.

The conviction that Great Britain is entitled to complete protection of its overseas commerce by means of its own navy explains why the Admiralty would not allow the Washington Conference to limit the future building of cruisers, and it explains why it has set the pace in a renewed competition in cruiser construction. The admission of the British claim by the American and Japanese governments would be equivalent to surrendering to the British Empire the most important single advantage which the predominant naval power has, in the event of war, traditionally enjoyed. In that event, British naval power could treat the over-seas commerce of America and Japan in any way that British national interests dictated, and this condemnation would overtake them just as certainly, if they were neutrals in a war in which Great Britain was engaged, as it would if they were themselves belligerents. There is, as we pointed out recently, practically no law at present for the protection of neutral trade which Great Britain feels any obligation to respect. Sea power is emancipated from definite legal obligations except the obligation to win. The British Admiralty insists that a preponderant navy should possess a practically unlimited franchise in this respect, which enables it to argue that because the mistress of the seas possesses such a franchise, Great Britain must, as a matter of national safety, continue to reign to this extent as mistress of the seas.

Surely the United States and Japan are not obliged on grounds of international comity to accept this reasoning. The more the Admiralty insists on the irresponsibility of sea power with respect to private property in the event of war, the less likely they are to admit British cruiser supremacy. They must realize, of course, their inability to protect, except within narrow limits, their own over-seas commerce against the British navy, but if this liability exists as the result of British policy, the only answer is retaliation. Americans at least do not understand why British property should be in practice exempt from capture during war on the high seas, while American property should to a much greater extent be subject to it. As a matter of fact, the policy of the British Admiralty defeats itself. It is literally impossible for Great Britain to build a fleet of cruisers which could protect British over-seas commerce (except with Europe and through the Mediterranean) against a fleet of modern cruisers such as that which the United States now proposes to build. Great Britain will only add inexorably to the insecurity of its food supply and raw materials by continuing to pursue the policy which, since 1924, the Admiralty has advocated. Its future security depends, not on competing with the United States as an enemy, but on negotiating with it as a friend.

The obstacle to an agreement between the two countries is created by the ambiguous and irresponsible nature of preponderant sea power over commerce as it is now exercised during war. Great Britain wishes apparently to retain the power and the right to treat some other nation in the future as it treated Germany during the recent war, but it also wishes to have complete protection against being itself treated to a similar dose of privation. Surely the British people cannot reasonably expect to have it both ways. They are no longer threatened, as they were in 1804 and 1914, by a combination of military and naval power. Their only equal competitor on the high seas is the militarily inoffensive United States. On the other hand, this competition from the United States is a much more stubborn and substantial challenge than the former competition of France or Germany. The American nation, in spite of the fact that it inhabits a continent rather than an island, is as much the creation of world-wide water communications as the British Empire, and it is just as much entitled as Great Britain is to participate in organizing the security of these communications. That is what the American demand for parity means. The sooner the truth is recognized in Downing Street, the nearer the two countries will be to composing their only serious conflict of interest.

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Union-Management Coöperation in England

WHEN the British trade unions accepted the invitation of a committee of prominent industrialists to confer on the possibility of coöperation for the improvement of industrial practices, they took a step which probably will signify either very much less or very much more than they imagined. It is reported that prominent among the motives for this action was the report of many British observers that in the United States coöperation between labor and capital had become a fact, and that on this basis was being erected a highly efficient, scientifically managed industrial order, the benefits of which were being shared by all. British industry has been suffering severely, and if it was not to fall behind in international competition, something must be done. We do not know much in detail about what the British leaders of labor and industry have in mind, but we do know something about what is actually being done in this country, and this throws a light upon the possibilities awaiting any such conference as is to take place.

It cannot be too clearly understood that the optimistic reports abroad concerning American industrial practices and policy have been much exaggerated, in their general aspect. Anything like widespread coöperation between organized labor and employers in this country does not exist. The leaders of the labor movement have, it is true, expressed their readiness to coöperate, and certain industrial spokesmen have rejoined in kind, talking even as if the proposed coöperation were an accomplished fact. It is not a fact, however, first, because American labor is not even organized in genuine unions through large areas of the more important industries; second, because even where it is organized, few specific proposals of coöperation have been made and accepted. If, next, we look at the policies of industrial executives themselves, we find that anything like scientific management, as understood by the experts in management, is the exception rather than the rule.

It remains true that American industry has recently been characterized by rapidly increasing productivity. This is the result, however, more of mechanical ingenuity and large capital resources than of anything else. The typical American executive possesses an initiative and a flexibility not common in his British counterpart; he is less conservative, less afraid to try new techniques or to spend new money in the improvement of his plant. But this is a far cry from intelligent management in the sense of calling forth the best possible contributions of the human factor. Moreover, there is a complaint that mechanical improvements have come so fast that they are now at a discount. There is little difficulty any more in producing cheaply large quantities of products; the trouble is to sell them as rapidly as they are produced and so to avoid saturated markets. Here is where American ingenuity is now being chiefly directed. It is the pressure on the markets, with its tendency to reduce prices, rather than any concerted policy, either humanitarian or economic, which has led to recent increases in the real incomes of American workers.

If the British want to profit from the general American experience, therefore, labor can have little active part to play. What is needed for this is, rather, aggressive and resourceful executives, imaginative chemists, physicists and mechanical engineers, and a superabundance of capital funds. But there is a small part of recent American experience which has a different meaning. There have been concrete experiments in planned and organized coöperation between unions and managements, which are at least successful enough to justify further experiments of the same kind. These are not mainly responsible for the great increases in productivity which have taken place. But they do help in eliminating waste, they do help in diminishing unemployment, in improving the worker's status, and in making his daily round more pleasant and interesting. They probably could not continue unless they promised material benefit to both sides, but their chief value is rather educative. By engaging the men on the job, both workers and minor executives, in an attempt to improve processes and service, they give a meaning to routine and open up, step by step, some of the larger industrial problems which are usually ignored by managements acting alone, and are usually considered by labor, if at all, in the guise of generalities calling forth political panaceas rather than persistent, resourceful efforts to work through the hard facts and habits involved.

The meeting between the general committees of British labor and industrialists runs a danger, therefore, of missing the heart of the matter by raising general issues rather than proceeding upon a more modest but more fruitful experimental method. The unions, it is said by one of their leaders, will not consent to coöperate unless labor is given a share in management. Management, replies one of the spokesmen of the employers, can never be delegated by the responsible head. This is a first-class example of the kind of futility which may be feared. The abstract question may be important, but it will never be settled by either the disputes or the agreements of general committeemen deliberating upon it. If, however, the direct representatives of the union in a given plant should meet regularly with the active executives of that plant to consider what might be done about concrete problems of work facing them both, it would soon appear whether, and how much, labor could contribute to management. Labor would assume managerial responsibilities in those respects and to that extent that its ability to do so might arise. All would forget the abstract difficulty in active coöperation to achieve something, to observe closely the actual op-

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erations of such American unions as the railway shop crafts and the men's clothing workers in dealing with their employers, and then to try experiments of the same kind, rather than to indulge in debates and declarations about the issues which now separate labor and capital.

If genuine union-management coöperation once does get a foothold in Britain, however, the opportunities before it are much greater than in this country. That is because the essential operating structure—autonomous, experienced unions with an assured status—exists so much more widely in British industry than in American. There is a chance for British industry really to coöperate in the way that it falsely imagines American industry now to be doing. If it can ever do so, we in America shall then become the victims of international competition, forced to go abroad to learn the secret of British success. For, however much American leaders may some day want the group coöperation of their employees, they cannot have it, unless union organization makes great strides in this country. Most employees in the United States will not have been trained in the group action, under trusted leaders, or in the feeling of independence and resourcefulness, that comes with trade-union activities.

The Literary Table d'Hote

THE present publishing season has been remarkable in several ways. In the first place, it announced itself in the early summer by the large number of books in the publishers' lists, and by the proportion of them which, according to the forecast, were too important to be ignored. This increase, though partly accounted for by new ventures in the publishing field, was apparent enough in the catalogues of old-line houses; and was, no doubt, responsible for the early opening of the season. Important books destined for the autumn trade began to appear early in August.

One of the tendencies continued in the present season is the decline of history. During the greater part of the last century, history was the premier subject of intellectual effort as reflected in literature. The works of epic scope were in this field; and history furnished the substance and background for serious fiction and drama. The change which began with the advance of biological science has resulted in a shifting of emphasis. A larger proportion of important works are to be found in the fields of natural and human science, particularly anthropology, psychology, sociology; and these sciences now furnish, in most cases, the intellectual background for serious fiction and drama. In history itself, the personal and political elements, which used to be emphasized by such aphorisms as "history is past politics," and "history is the record of what great men have done in the world," have become subordinated to the social and cultural, a tendency illustrated by "The Rise of American Civilization," by Charles and Mary Beard, "The History of American Life," edited by Schlesinger and Fox, and in the more nearly contemporary field, by Mark Sullivan's "Our Times." The most important works of political history of the past season are concerned with the World War, and consist of the publication and interpretation of documents. In political economy, a similar change is to be noted in the emphasis on social phenomena, shown by concrete studies such as Bergmann's "History of Reparations" and Lubin and Everett's "British Coal Dilemma."

In philosophy, the most eagerly awaited book of the present season, Santayana's "Realm of Essence," has just appeared. We have also two formulations of Mr. Bertrand Russell's philosophy, including "The Analysis of Matter," reviewed in a recent issue, and Whitehead's "Symbolism." In religion, Guignebert's "Christianity" will probably be accounted the most important. In philosophy and religion, however, the number of works of a highly concrete and practical nature shows a steady increase. Psychology has ceased to be a division of philosophy, and, like political economy, turns steadily away from the deductive and analytic to the inductive and synthetic, manifested in the two directions noted respectively as behaviorism and psychoanalysis. The reaction against the latter is shown in Burrow's "The Social Basis of Consciousness" and Köhler's "Gestalt Psychology." The tendency toward practical application is exemplified by Adler's "Understanding Human Nature," and Overstreet's "A Book about Ourselves."

These changes recorded in literature undoubtedly take place through the response of publishers to shifts of public taste and interest, which are characteristic of the intellectual movement of the day. These shifts become clear in those departments of letters which have a wide, popular appeal. For several seasons past, biography has rivaled fiction with candidates for large sales, and, in view of the higher prices, for great financial rewards. Of course, both biography and the novel appeal in the main to the same primary interest, that in the lives of other people. The greatest fiction in English literature has the appeal of biography, either as actual experience or as imaginative summaries of experience. In an age constantly more influenced by science, it is natural to find mature public taste inclining toward the lives of actual men and women, which are subject to documentation and interpretation on the basis of recorded evidence. On the other hand, the biographer has learned much from the novelist in the art of presentation. Miss Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is a fine study in the interdependence of biography and fiction. The characteristic qualities of modern biography may be said to be frankness of revelation, keenness of interpretation (to which modern psychology has given both stimulus and method), and realistic

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treatment of environment and background. So far have these two latter qualities been carried that already we begin to discern a kind of specialization. For example, Gamaliel Bradford devotes himself to the study of souls—elect, bare or damaged. His book of the present season, "D. L. Moody," concerns itself scarcely at all with Moody as a product of American society in the last decades of the nineteenth century, confining itself to a study of the evangelist in his personal and spiritual being. On the other hand, Denis Lynch's "Boss Tweed" is a presentation of the background in which Tweed was so marked a figure, without attempting any analysis of the man himself.

Among the American biographies, Baker's "Woodrow Wilson" is titularly in first place. The popularity of biography, however, can be estimated by the ease with which it becomes cosmopolitan. Undoubtedly the most distinguished figures in the biography of the present season are André Maurois and Emil Ludwig. The former's "Disraeli," not yet published in this country in book form, will doubtless repeat the success of his "Ariel-Shelley," as Ludwig's "Bismarck" does that of his "Napoleon." In the trilogy of biographical dramas, on the same subject, about to appear, Ludwig has followed Gobineau in bringing drama to the presentation and interpretation of character. Among autobiographies, William Ellery Leonard's "The Locomotive God" is an extraordinarily interesting interpretation of experience in the light of psychoanalysis; and, in a class quite by itself, is "The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh."

The fiction of the present season is thus far without any work of complete and pronounced triumph. Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts has shown new powers in "My Heart and My Flesh," but without the sustained mastery which made "The Time of Man" the greatest American novel of last year. Glenway Wescott in "The Grandmothers" has likewise shown a marked departure from his "The Apple of the Eye." We must place him, with Miss Roberts, in the forefront of promise. Among other new or recent comers of whom much is expected are Robert Nathan ("The Woodcutter's House"), Rosamond Lehmann ("Dusty Answer"), Manuel Komroff ("Juggler's Kiss"), Thornton Wilder ("The Bridge of San Luis Rey"). St. John Ervine in "The Wayward Man" returns to fulfill all the hopes excited by "Changing Winds," and C. E. Montague in "Right Off the Map" holds to the high place won by "Rough Justice." Volumes of shorter fiction show a greater proportion of distinguished work than the novels of the season. Ernest Hemingway's "Men without Women," Evelyn Scott's "Ideals," Zona Gale's "Yellow Gentians and Blue" are examples. Harold Nicolson's "Some People" belongs on the disputed frontier between fiction and biography. And there should be mentioned the remarkable group of stories contained in "The American Caravan."

The most important event of the season in American poetry is probably H. Phelps Putnam's "Trinc." E. E. Cummings' "Him," although written in prose, is essentially a dramatic poem, and represents this remarkable poet at his best. "A Miscellany" of American poetry for 1927 contains some of the most distinguished work of Léonie Adams and Robinson Jeffers. There have also appeared a posthumous book of poems by Amy Lowell, "Ballads for Sale"; and new books by Leonard Bacon and John Hall Wheelock. Among the English poets, Humbert Wolfe is the most conspicuous. Several of his books—including "Requiem," which has had such a success in England—have been published in America almost simultaneously, and American readers have now for the first time an opportunity of judging his work as a whole. Edith Sitwell has published a volume of "Rustic Elegies" and Sacheverell Sitwell a book called "The Cyder Feast." V. Sackville-West has published a long poem called "The Land." There is also an elaborately illustrated volume by Padraic Colum called "Creatures."

The travel books published this season are as variegated as the Great Haul at Atlantic City's Million Dollar Pier. The catch includes every type of travel record, from the sober, scientific report, interesting only to the specialist, to the flamboyantly personal recital intended for *bon voyage* boxes and a five-day crossing. To those whose travel reading is a substitute for actual departure from everyday surroundings, such accounts as Seabrook's "Adventures in Arabia" will convey a considerable degree of the author's enthusiastic interest in the country and people—while such personal records as the "Letters of Gertrude Bell of Arabia" or "My Life as an Explorer" by Amundsen will be found to transmit a considerable voltage of vicarious experience. How few travel writers can carry their readers with them on voyages of discovery or adventure becomes surprisingly evident in any general survey, and one is correspondingly grateful to those who can be counted upon to make such chronicles a real "literature of escape."

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Russia's "War Industries Board"

IN Russia a factory is a land-mark; it is pointed out as one points out a castle or a skyscraper in other lands. There are probably more factories in Pennsylvania than in all Russia combined. Over 80 percent of Russians are peasants tilling the land, and, in off seasons, doing a little handicraft work. There are about 3,000,000 factory workers located in 8,500 plants employing thirty or more laborers each—compared with some 9,000,000 in the United States. When the smaller industrial shops are taken into consideration, however, the Soviet total will expand somewhat. In Russia, two persons out of one hundred work in factories; in the United States about eight persons in one hundred—four times as many, relatively. We are a highly industrialized nation committed to mass production; Russia is a farming country with a factory and a mine here and there, pin-points upon its illimitable expanse. I saw 3,000 miles of that expanse, and I know whereof I speak.

Here is a great agricultural population which has been plowing, seeding and harvesting plain foods for a thousand years, eating the bulk of the food itself and giving a variable, but always relatively small fraction of the total to landlords, tsars and priests to eat. In bad years, the peasants starved by the hundreds of thousands; in good years, they ate a little less black bread, danced in the villages, composed sad and beautiful songs in the minor key, and ran the birth rate up to fifty to the thousand. Through war, invasion, flood, fire, pestilence and drought, this steady rhythm has continued undeflected; little more than touched by laws, edicts and the comings and goings of nobles, of metropolitans, and princes.

In 1914 another war came. The village boys marched off, but, as always, there were plenty left. In 1917 there came a revolution. For once the rhythm was broken—while the manor house was burned and the land records destroyed. The dictatorship of the Tsar was exchanged for the dictatorship of the proletariat—whatever that might mean. The peasants had the land, but in a deeper sense they had always had the land. They still must plow and seed and harvest and eat the bulk of what they produced. A few years later came a famine. That was bad. But presently crops were good, and the everlasting rhythm continued—and still continues. That rhythm is Russia—whether Peter the Great or Comrade Stalin sits in the Kremlin.

In the face of this timeless economy, dissertations on Russian industry under socialism must take their accredited place in the whole picture, if they are to escape absurdity. Within the limits of mobility, profound changes are going on—significant and exciting changes—but as I describe them, never forget the systole and diastole of the illimitable steppes which condition every economic plan.

The peasant remains a private trader, a petty capitalist if you please—save for the 10 percent of all marketable products grown on state and coöperative farms. For the balance of the national economy, socialization is the order of the day. The form, however, defies all textbooks. It is socialization in action, not on printed pages, and thus full of trial and error, compromise and unclassified experimentation. It is compounded of state capitalism, state socialism, municipal ownership, industrial unionism, a few dying experiments in pure communism, producers' and consumers' coöperation, what not. But socialization, as against *laissez faire,* is overwhelmingly the rule in large-scale industry, in public utilities, in transportation, power development, communication, banking and credit, export and import control, and in wholesale and retail trade. In the latter, the private merchant now handles less than one-third of the total business, and is diminishing in importance year by year. The coöperative stores are stepping into his shoes. Meanwhile, title to all land and natural resources vests in the state.

Thus, despite the fact that the bulk of agricultural production is still in private hands, we have here undoubtedly the largest experiment in a socialized economy ever attempted. It is an experiment which merits our careful attention. If it can compete successfully with other economic systems, particularly the system loosely called capitalism, quite apart from the politics, the prejudices, and the windy speeches of its opponents and its adherents, it will set up a new standard for the operation of industry, and force inferior brands off the market. If it cannot compete—in worth-while goods produced per man-hour expended, together with due regard for the biology and psychology of the worker—again, despite the shoutings and the tumult, it is destined to languish and ultimately, after allowing for due cultural lag, to disappear.

In theory, each system has its advantages and its disadvantages. The wastes of capitalism are obvious to any impartial observer who cares to study them. The business cycle, the enormous duplication of the productive and distributive mechanism, the load of advertising and competitive salesmanship, restrictions upon the free exchange of technical knowledge and invention, unearned increment in land values, the reserve army of the unemployed, cross-hauling, the production of super-luxuries—are implicit in capitalism, and all of them waste man-power. On the other hand, the system is defended on the ground that it is automatic, requiring

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no great bureaucratic load to administer; and that the hope of profit releases a fund of energy in business men which causes them to contrive, invent and manage in the interest of more efficiency and lower costs.

The Russian experiment is based on the assumption that there is more to be gained by coördinating the economic structure to a functional plan, and so eliminating the wastes of the business cycle, duplication of plant facilities, over-exhaustion of natural resources, high-pressure salesmanship and the rest, than can be lost through failure to stimulate individual initiative animated by the profit motive.

It is a pretty question, and one not to be answered by rhetoric. On paper, the collectivist system has all the best of it. It is clean-cut, straightforward and logical. Unfortunately, mankind is not often governed by logical considerations. An industrial anarchy like the United States has, in the last few years, enormously increased the bulk total of production, lowered costs, raised real wages and with them the standard of living. A functional society ought to do better, but can it? That is the ultimate challenge to the Russian experiment. The fact that it is primarily an agricultural rather than an industrial country is perhaps unfortunate, but still its own look-out. When system meets system, no quarter is given, and so far as I can learn, the Russians in the long run expect none.

What, precisely, is the Russian state doing in its attempt, against admittedly terrific odds, to accept the challenge, and carry the experiment to a successful conclusion? To tell all that it is doing would take a five-foot shelf. To tell all that I discovered in a month of observation and travel would take a fat volume—some of it pretty dubious as to authenticity. But there is one activity which predominantly stands out as the most important of all the current attempts at socialization—the State Planning Commission, popularly known as the Gosplan. The bulk of my economic observations were confined to the operations of this extraordinary agency. Its functions and activities, in broad outline at least, can be sketched in the space that remains. I am inclined to believe that, if the Russian economic experiment wins out, it will be due primarily to this central agency of coördination.

One enters a great barn of a building not far from the Kremlin in Moscow. Though solid enough without, inside it has the air of being rather hastily knocked together—temporary partitions, departments on the move from one floor to another, the sound of hammering, the smell of paint, a feeling of vitality, expectancy and change, with fixed routines at a minimum. In brief, very much the atmosphere of the Food Administration, the Shipping Board or the War Industries Board in Washington, in 1918. The resemblance to the War Industries Board—God rest its soul—is far more than merely atmospheric. The Gosplan *is* the War Industries Board operating on an even more comprehensive scale, in a bigger, but less industrially complicated country. There are 500 people in this building, economists, engineers, statisticians and their assistants; while scattered about the associated republics are scores of smaller buildings, local Gosplans, which tie in to the Moscow headquarters. The Ural Gosplan which we visited has a fine new building with a staff of at least 200. I saw the Gosplan organization in Leningrad, Kharkov, Poltava, Kiev and Odessa, and determined beyond question that the big barn in Moscow was not wheeling around in its own orbit, but was linked to every local production area in the land. Every agricultural center, every factory, prepares reports that ultimately come into the Gosplan calculations. I found no factory manager, no director of agricultural station who did not know all about the Gosplan; who did not feel its hand on his day-by-day work.

No major step in industry, agriculture, transportation, super-power or finance can be taken in Russia without the visa of the Gosplan. It is the clearing house for the whole economic structure. Yet, legally, it is an advisory body only; one arm of the Council of Labor and Defense. It can promulgate no legislation, issue no "cease and desist" orders. Its power comes from the fact that the supreme administrative body of the Republic—the Council of People's Commissars—will not act on economic matters without the approval of the Gosplan. Its real power is, accordingly, very great.

The period of "war communism" in Russia, from 1917 to 1921, was full of highfalutin talk and grandiose programs, but the tangible operation of economic affairs was on a catch-as-catch-can basis—planless and chaotic. With the New Economic Policy of Lenin in 1922, money, credit, a limited amount of private capital, the divorce of management from exclusive employee control—and common sense—began to come back into the picture. Industrial production, which had shrunk to 17 percent of the pre-war output, began to revive. Best of all, new capital commenced to accumulate for repair and reconstruction of the economic plant.

The new capital was severely limited, the needs of the economic plant were practically unlimited. Twenty billions, fifty billions, called for, and only half a billion to give. Who should get it first; and how much should he get? It was either roll the bones for it, or work out an intelligent and scientific plan. The gentlemen who are running Russia have prohibited gambling as a part of their ethical code, and as an answer to a profound economic crisis, the Gosplan came into being. It had to come; a socialized economy that would challenge other economic systems is unthinkable without a central planning agency.

It came, first as advisor in super-power, and soon as advisor for everything that mattered. For a year or two, its advice had to be general, as there were no reliable statistics upon which to base sound quantitative judgment. A major part of the staff

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work, in those years, was in laying the foundations for better figures. In 1925 a comprehensive national plan was worked out, but I was told that the basic statistics were still too poor to make it of great value. A year later, the figures covering crop reports, factory production, trade turn-over, and the rest, had so far improved that it was possible to lay down an integrated plan for the fiscal year 1927—which really provided workable standards for the various branches of industry to meet. Finally, some months ago, in the spring of 1927, a five-year plan for the development of the whole economic structure of Russia was presented and published, and on this five-year plan industry is now actually operating.

The principles which guide the Gosplan are simple and straightforward:

(1) A maximum production of necessities and plain comforts for the workers and peasants at a minimum of human effort, while scrupulously safeguarding at the same time the health, safety, education, opportunity for leisure and working conditions of those who labor. This entails: first, a survey of consumptive requirements and then the restriction of capital to an amount sufficient to meet those requirements—just enough shoe factories to provide the people of Russia with shoes; just enough textile mills, just enough sugar factories. At the present time, of course, the capacity of nearly every industry is *below* consumptive requirements on a full health-and-decency budget.

(2) Economic self-sufficiency, so far as is reasonably possible. As Russia contains within its far-flung borders nearly every sort of natural resource, ultimately this principle may conceivably be carried to close to a 100 percent performance. At the present time, a number of strategic imports—cotton, certain sorts of machinery, silk, instruments of precision, and so on, are absolutely mandatory.

(3) The building up of the heavy industries, particularly iron and steel, as the basis for a rounded, self-sufficient economic development.

The practical methods employed by the Gosplan to give effect to these basic aims are two. First, the allotment of new capital among the major economic agencies—agriculture, industry, transportation, super-power and the rest; and second, the setting of production quotas—as published in the one-year and five-year plans—which give every manager a clean-cut idea of what is expected of him by way of output. Upon the walls of all factories that I visited were charts showing the Gosplan quota curve, contrasted with actual output.

In the allotment of capital, the Gosplan acts more as referee than as initiator. Each industry, clearing through the Supreme Economic Council, presents its needs and demands, while the railroads, the agricultural authorities, the power authorities, do the same. These estimates are then extended or cut or rearranged by the Gosplan in accordance with its basic policies and superior knowledge of the whole economic structure. It alone can fit the jig-saw puzzle together. I was told that the Council of People's Commissars in voting the budget and the allotment of new capital therein (about $2,500,000,000 for the current fiscal year), accept the Gosplan figures almost without change.

The experiment is still too young to permit of much quantitative check upon its tangible achievements. Two factors, however, cannot fail to impress us in this regard. An early goal of the Gosplan was to bring industry, agriculture and transportation up to the pre-war level of physical output. This goal, beyond peradventure, has been achieved.

Again, the five-year plan calls for a 78 percent increase in industrial production and a 30 percent increase in agricultural production in 1932 over 1927. The first year of the plan set a quota for something less than a 15 percent increase in industry and about a 6 percent increase in agriculture. Actual output figures for this first year show an increase of 13.7 percent and 8.7 percent respectively. The shooting is not bulls-eye work, but it is close enough—failing acts of God—to make the five-year plan look as if it had a fighting chance.

The machinery of coördination is thus actually operating. The final test of its effectiveness, in eliminating waste and raising the standard of living and of comfort, lies in the years to come. The project stands at the border-line of the capacity of the human intellect. Is it possible for sixteen men, the presidium of the Gosplan, to calculate requirements, and direct production to meet those requirements, for one hundred and fifty millions of people scattered over one-sixth of the land area of the planet—particularly when 80 percent of those people are geared to the rhythm of a primitive agricultural economy? One can doubt the fact, but one cannot doubt the integrity and the courage of the attempt.

STUART CHASE.

Hospes Comesque Corporis

And if the heart may split the skin
Of this intrinsic chrysalis
To make the ephemeral ghost within
The fugitive it is:

If even the thinnest ravelling bind
Escape to the abandoned shell:
The heart must set the hollow mind
Replying like a bell.

Before division of the suns
Take shears to cut a second's thread
The mind must tick ecstatic once
To prove that it is dead.

And the small soul's dissolving ghost
Must leave a heart-shape in the dust
Before it is inspired and lost
In God: I hope it must.

ELINOR WYLIE.

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The Re-Discovery of America

III: *Action as Decay*

In his first two articles, Mr. Frank laid the foundation for the approach to America. "The Last Days of Europe" set forth that there was one great western Culture, whose sources were Greece, Judaea, Alexandria, Rome; whose organic Body reached maturity in the Christian Middle Ages, and whose death has been the work of the modern epoch. The symbol of this Body was the Mediterranean: the symbol of its dissolution is the Atlantic. In "The Sense of the Whole," Mr. Frank related science, art and religion in a series of which the common principle is man's sense of the whole. This sense ascends from the personal self to the Cosmos. Religion, as the ultimate structure of this sense, depends on the sub-structures of science; and when science fails, religion fails also. Modern science is again building the sub-structure of a great religion. Now Mr. Frank proceeds with a study of the forces of dissolving Europe, that created America. —THE EDITORS.

EUROPE—the cultural Whole, ordered of social and spiritual forms, wherein men dwelt as cells within a body—this Europe exists no more. The break of its hierarchic organs meant the body's death. But dissolution brought release to what was held within the controlling Pattern. A greater freedom came to many elements, created a new ebullient life in Europe.

These traits of the death of an old world are the modern virtues. Liberty, freedom of thought, discovery, adventure, national independence, personal self-expression, are the kind of noble name they won. The Atlantic was their symbol. The integer of their value is Action.

The regard for Action as an intrinsic value is uniquely modern. In the East, value was dominantly quietistic. Lao-Tze and the Upanishads reveal this. Buddha led an active life, but his system was a discipline which aimed at the defeat of action. In the Bhagavad-Gitá, action has value as a method for self-trial; it is the acid test of personal detachment; the goal is still release from the need of action. The Hebrews made of action a mere tool: even the active Greeks reserved to intellectual knowledge and the balance of beauty—static states—their highest crown of value.[1] Had the Romans been more philosophical, they might have ennobled action. Lucretius and the Epicureans were on the verge of a fresh attitude. But with Christianity their influence was broken. Action was again debased. The values of Catholic Europe became contemplation, other-worldly knowledge, an inert vigil for the Lord. Knight-errancy meant action; but the goal was the Grail, and the Grail meant rest. The monastery was the locus of salvation. The nun was holier than the wife: marriage, indeed, was honored as a sacrament only begrudgingly to cheat the Devil. When nun and monk led active lives, they were justified by prayer and meditation; their action was an impure note forced on them by the impurity of the world, and cleansed in the fixity of their devotion. Value was stillness; it was placed in the hereafter—beyond the field of any possible action. Adam and Eve had been compelled to work, only by the disfavor of the Lord; the Passion of Christ erased their curse of toil. Grace had no relationship with action.

The turn in Europe is typified by the Crusades. They began as an action which was the means to a religious end. The end grew dim; the love of the Crusaders reverted to the means. Palestine, Syria, the Mediterranean isles, ceased to be the holy victims of Mohammed: became arenas for sport and for pelf. In Europe's holiness, men's motions had been fused into the immobility of God. As the Body of Europe dissolved, energy became tangential; dream and power poured to horizontal courses. Since the Goal was no more an ideal rest in God, action grew perpetuate; set itself up as value. The *spirit* of men's activity had been the unmoved Mover. It became Motion.[1]

From the ideally immobile World-State (the stance for reaching God) broke out particles that were nations; and their spirit was unbounded action.[2] Always there had been wars and conquests; now these were idealized as state-behavior. Money, which had been a *holding*, became capital, which is an *acting*. The discoverer was born, who lived by action. Adventure and exploration became intrinsic values, values so great that they sent men beyond the Atlantic.

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1 Possibly Sparta was an exception. Its disfavor, until modern times, would make it the exception which proved the rule. The Heracleitan theory of eternal flux is not related to action as value.

1 I trust it is clear that I am not presenting my own philosophical convictions here, any more than I did in "The Last Days of Europe." The point is not whether motion is real or unreal (as I believe); whether will is independent of intellect (which I doubt); whether Lorentz is truer than Euclid (of which I have no opinion): it is to denote the dissolution of a world of concepts through the incursion of other concepts.

2 The League of Nations is an inorganic counterfeit of the Catholic World-State. That World-State was the ultimate value; individual states were real only in so far as their princes ruled by *divine* right—i. e., shared in the Whole. But with our League, the real is each state: real by its *own* right. The League is a shadowy union of individuals, and receives whatever value it has from them.

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History changed into an evolution, a purposive action holding its own end within itself: it led to no static paradise or Nirvana, but, going on forever, spawned more action. Progress within human limits was invented to displace the old religious progress that had led direct from man to angel. Such progress, in lieu of the interlude that man's life had been between Adam lost and Adam saved, made of mankind an infinite measure. Action within this new infinity became the norm and the end.

Now classes began consciously to move. Institutions became mere facets of man's whirling changes. Personal status which, as the word reveals, had once been static in a Holy Body, turned atomic—a charge of explosive action.

Within this amazing world of newly infinite man, the intellect was bound to lose prestige, and to give way to the will. The intellect considers, defines, makes finite. The intellect knows no infinity. But the will acts, moves—its world, from indefinite, grows infinite. Duns Scotus and William of Occam had, before their time, declared the independence of the will: from the disintegrant north had come this note that was to shatter the symphony of Europe. For now, metaphysics, reborn of the Atlantic, became the instrument of action. It accepted the rulership of will, not to destroy it like the Hindus, but to enlarge its dominion. From Aristotle to Aquinas and Descartes, philosophy had been the architect of Reason: it had upheld a God who did not move, a universe whose aspirance toward God was a moving out of movement into rest. Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, declared their several and successful wars, with the physicists as aids, against this Mediterranean science. Time and space became infected with subjective mind, thence with subjective will; the universe of sense and reason was turned into a function of desire. God's lineaments with Hegel became motion. Motion, with Bergson, became God. With the pragmatists He melted altogether into Action.

A universe of motion, which was a rationale of Europe's dissolution. . . . Men's eyes, which once had seen ultimate fixity in all that they beheld *since they were held,* now discovered motion in molecule, in atom, in State, in Spirit, *since they were moving.*

The stage was set for the triumph of modern science. Medieval science was a structure based on God's revelation. The "real field" was God: science, which reasoned from it, was a *logos* of God —theology. Modern science is a structure based on the revelation of the senses. The senses gave us the "real field" of Nature: science, which was a *logos* of Nature, is natural science. To deem our science superior *as knowledge* to that of the schoolmen is to prove that we are as intolerant as they were. The revelation of Scripture had little of what we call "fact," and much truth: the revelation of our senses has fact (since fact is defined as what our senses give us), and almost no truth whatever. Both revelations are satisfactory, so long as they satisfy: both sciences "work" so long as man works with them. The number of angels on the point of a pin is important, when you believe in angels; the number of electrons in an atom, when you believe in electrons.

The difference between these sciences is great: and may be known only when we have ceased from being natural-minded about theology, and theological-minded about our natural science. The difference lies in the two fields of rationalization: it is the difference between a world bounded for ever and explorable by reason, and a world that is the infinite kaleidoscope of the creative will.

Scriptural revelation was shut to the human will. The field was supplied: intellect and poesy might elaborate, might even romp around in it. But it was like a bounded sea, a mediterranean sea. No jot could be added or subtracted. And if the will went out of bounds, there was heresy and damnation. The revelation of the senses, which is the field of modern science, is boundless and to be discovered ever more, ever afresh, by human action and imagination.[1] It is an infinite Atlantic, for the will to sail on. Rational theory could not alter the substance of the medieval field. But modern thought —idealism, realism, neo-realism, materialism, etc., etc.—transfigures the field brought to science by the senses. The medieval *worked* his field: we invent ours.

This is the thrilling difference between the medieval and the modern science. It is not the difference between a lie and a truth; but between a truth bounded by imperious Dogma and a boundless energy of life that may create a modern Truth at last. A dimension has been added, not yet to knowledge, but to living: the dimension of human will as a creator. And the way of this creator is action. . . .

But we must not forget that modern science began as part of the destructive action whereby the Whole of Europe was dissolved. Within itself, it has no integrating principle; its field is limited to the physical premises and its principle is limited to within its field. Its early masters, knowing this, and needing a Rule outside of what they measured, still consciously professed the medieval God whom their own works were fated to deny.[2]

Child of dissolution, modern science hastened the process which bore it. It pushed the horizons back until they disappeared. It reset the stars in gravitational space, and invented ether, and discarded it. It weighed the atom and then blew it up; separated Time from Man and mingled them. Man it transformed from fallen angel into ascending beast; and

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1 An example of this action is the microscope and the telescope: an instance of imagination is the mathematical work that follows some new "discovery" in a star or the atom.

2 Galileo, Newton, Descartes, Pascal, Leibniz, Kepler, etc., were all traditionally devout men.

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analyzed away the measure of ascent, and corroded the measure of measures—the human mind—until mind melted into the measured substance. Modern science, child of chaos, fulfilled our chaos.

It was not yet done. It had to bring a monster in our midst; an anarchic mindless master in place of God, to trammel us and rule us. It put upon disrupted modern man the embodiment of his own fragmented will. The Machine. . . .

The machine is action, particularized into a body. It marks the final breakage of a universe into a multiverse made up of utterly independent insulate objects. It is a part, unrelated to the Whole, the part turned into a whole by itself. A man wants to move. His Ford moves him. That is all it can do. It is the embodiment of his will to move. There are 15,000,000 Fords: were they more numerous than flies in summer, still they would sum into a chaos, since each of them is a particular action contingent on a personal will, and incapable of merging with any thing beyond it. The machine, then, although there went into its making science as an approach to general Order, is a result that moves in the contrary direction. The machine is forever the anarchic function of some particular act of some particular will.

The machine is the ultimate of dissolution. From a Catholic world in which each atom, each thought, each person, each institution, was transfigured to fit into a Whole, there can be no extremity more extreme than this untransfigurable configuration which moves alone, which does a special work unvarying and forever, in contingence with the invariable will of the maker and of the man who runs it.

What you might do with a machine is *really* to run it. In a world moving and building toward a Whole (the world, we have faith, of our tomorrow) the machine will be a magnificent tool, an ultimate human Hand. But really running a machine would mean to run, not the machine alone, but the particular part of personal desire which the machine embodied. If a man is "run" by his will to move, by his will to produce, by his will to get rich, by any of the particular desires that a machine expresses, he is, in truth, being "run" by that machine. This is, of course, our modern state; and we shall see it clear as we proceed. We have a world where men are wilful atoms—atoms of will—dissolved from what was once a spiritual Whole. These atoms of will have their embodiment in the machine. We have a world, moreover, in which men, having lost God, worship their own desires. Therefore the machine, most perfect symbol of the personal will, is turned into an idol: becomes the object of man's self-adoration.

Again, coming to the nadir of action as decay, coming to the machine as the ultimate integer of anarchic will, we come upon America. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

Helpful Herb

HOMER GRAVES drove into Woppington on a December morning to pay the interest at the bank and take a look at Model A. Presently he entered the news store and asked Elmer Durkin whether it was true that Coolidge was out of the race for good and all, and if so what then, and how about a couple of those cooking cigars?

"It sure is a pleasure," said Elmer, "to meet a gempman as ignorant as you are. Pull up and broil your dogs."

The newsdealer joined his rural guest by the hot stove and tortured his mother tongue as follows:

"Yes, he's pulled that do-not-choose hooey again, but I think it will stick this time. Unless they run into a terrible jam they'll let Calvin go home and whittle. He's handed the other guys a license to crank up their bandwagons. So we're all set for the big parade. Don't miss this, Homer; it's going to be funny and maybe vulgar."

"Who do you suppose is the leading candidate?"

"Aw, Homer, be your age! Don't talk like one of the gas house gang. They's no such animal as a candidate. Curtis of Kansas thinks he is, but I heard different. What clutters the scenery is statesmen willing to listen to reason. It's like you lamp on the bill of fare in a chow joint. 'Dishes marked with a star are ready to serve.'

"Well, they're giving us a load of Hoover now and the feed box information is that he's the best seller in December. Hughes has pulled out, but he never was in very deep if you ask your Uncle Dudley. He's not the wow he was in 1916 when he zoomed through all the Western states pulling boners in one and all. It might be Lowden or his boy-friend, Dawes, but the wise money likes Herbert today. My hunch is that he'll breeze into K. C. on the Kaw with the best bunch of yes-men. Whether he can make 'em click is something else again. If it was me, I'd have a 'chute handy.

"The dirt is that the patriots that jiggle the wires are not so goofy about your little fat friend. He never plays much down their alley, but parks himself in a shady spot and fiddles with imports and exports. If the bosses get their wish they'll pull a flock of rubber delegates on him and slip him the ozone like they did in 1920. But if the population is nuts and raisins about Hoover, that's out. The boys would rather take Herby than take the long count. They'll climb on and make out they invented him.

"So how does H. H. stack up? If he's the berries with the great unseen audience, he'll cop next June with a hot chance to snag the long end of the gate in November.

"Now with your kind attention I shall endeavor to show you that Hoover is America's sweetheart. There's a bird that's got everything it takes to make a big cleaning. He's got enough jack to be his own butter-and-egg man and he's so youthful he don't

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need a wheel chair. Moses of New Hampshire throws in with him because he's young enough to take another whack in 1932. I'll say that's doing your chicken counting early!

"Hoover's got a hatful of brains and a heart that thumps for everybody who is hungry or stuck in the mud. He's on speaking terms with Europe and he could frame lots of loving thoughts to write them besides 'please remit.' He let us all win the War by staying home on Sunday and freezing on Monday and eating bread that tasted like wall board. He was a household word and a knockout with friend wife—the only guy in public life that ever got an apron named after him.

"They can't claim his record is sour. Anybody who could sit through the Harding administration without getting his shirt dirty is the original Civic Virtue. They parked him in the dark end of the cabinet, but he managed to pull a lot of modern improvements on business and make 'em like it. When radio was discovered and the ether got all blotto he hopped to it and fixed everything jake. When the big river went on the loose, who was the Red Cross lassie, lunch wagon, sugar papa and General Merry Sunshine? Helpful Herb. Those Dixie birds are due to slip him a ritzy set of delegates. It's not as if they could do much for him in November.

"What I mean, he's got all the makings of a Model A sheik. He's our help in time of trouble, our cheery little pal in work and play, kind to kids and dumb animals and Democrats. He can balance the check book, fix the radio and spank the baby. He's got a good bean for figures and enough heart interest to crash into the flicker drama. If the dope means anything, he's the apple of the public eye."

Elmer paused and treated himself to a rhetorical chuckle.

"The only catch in it is it's not so. Maybe he talks too much like a stuffed shirt or hands out wisdom like a burning bush, but for some reason he's not the type that makes the saps go ga ga and tear up telephone books. The farmers still have a peeve on him because he cramped them with two-forty wheat when everybody else was cleaning up big, factory hands don't know him from Adam and even business men are kind of icy. I'd say he's a wow with all of us except most of us. How does it hit you, Homer?—you're a poor ignorant yap. Would you fight and die for dear old Herbert? Is he the idol of your wheezy Republican heart?"

"We could do worse," said Mr. Graves.

"You *have* done worse—not speaking snooty. H. H. is the class compared with C. C."

"Well, Elmer, I don't know. Hoover's a handy fellow to have around in time of calamity, but——"

"Cheer up, Homer. Maybe Al Smith will be the calamity."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

TO THOSE who like action, these first three weeks of the Seventieth Congress should have been highly satisfying. Perhaps due to my advanced age, the Christmas holidays, which, as a rule, I loathe and despise, actually came this time as a real relief. For one of my sedate tastes, things were coming just a little fast. I cannot recall three opening weeks more eventful than the ones just past. Yet I doubt really whether there is anything like general appreciation of the fact that they have been unusual—not to say unprecedented.

In the very first week, two Senators-elect—not one, but two—were tossed out of the Senate by an overwhelming vote. Without touching at all upon the merits of either the Vare or the Smith case, and avoiding, of course, any expression as to the constitutionality of the Senate action—except to say that, notwithstanding Mr. James Constitutional Beck, the New York World and the esteemed Times, I think the weight and the sense and the public interests all justify the Senate action—I submit that we have no parallel in our history for this double ejection.

Few men elected to the Senate have lost their seat through Senate action. I can recall only two in the past thirty years. In both these instances, there was a long-drawn-out investigation and a tremendous struggle, lasting months. This time it was a matter of hours when two Senators were shot through the swinging doors—and they will not come back. At least, without a new ticket. I am credibly informed that it is the purpose of the redoubtable Vare to run for the Senate nomination again in May and for election in November. Supported, instead of opposed, this time, by Mr. Mellon and the Mellon interests, he will not be under the necessity of drenching the state with money, and I have no doubt his 1928 credentials will be as clean as well can be. There is, of course, a chance that the neat plan of having Mr. Vare and Mr. Reed run under the same colors may strike a snag. One of the reasons for thinking this possible is that it is altogether too slick. It does seem that anything in politics as completely worked out in advance as this involves some risk, if only because the cards are being stacked in full view of the suckers.

In the second week, the House of Representatives, in which the Republicans have not merely a paper majority but a real one, repudiated the Republican administration and totally disregarded the message of the Republican President. Of five major recommendations of the Republican Secretary of the Treasury, it rejected four and retained one. The one retained involved a small amount of revenue; the four rejected involved a very large amount. It was an amazing performance, one of the most remarkable exhibitions of lack of administrative strength and party leadership given by an administration remarkable for the absence of both. The minority became the majority, and the administration tax bill was simply shot to pieces. I do not know that I have seen the like of it before. It has, of course, happened that when the House was controlled by the opposite party, or a small group of insurgents held the balance of power, taxation measures, backed

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by the President and prepared by the Secretary of the Treasury, have gone wrong. I do not, however, recall any instance where, with his own party in control by a clear twenty-eight votes, a President has been so contemptuously treated by the House. That sort of thing is likely to happen in the Senate, where individual grievances count, and the six-year term makes Senators more independent, but if it has ever happened in the House under similar circumstances, no one seems to recall it. Not a great deal has been made by the daily press of what really did happen in the House, yet the august Andrew and the acute Ogden both feel deeply humiliated, depressed, distressed —and properly so. In a single week the results of months of thought and expert work were scrapped—and by a set of uncouth and ridiculous fellows who should have been soundly cracked across their large, hairy paws as soon as they laid them on the bill. If, as is threatened by hard-boiled boys of the Simmons type in the Senate, the tax cut is there increased to the $400,000,000 advocated by the Babbitts of the Chamber of Commerce instead of being diminished to the $225,000,000 said by the saintly Andrew to be the margin of safety, I should not be surprised if they really could push the bold Calvin up to the veto point.

I cannot quite make up my mind whether the House control got away from the "Prince of Good Fellows" and he was really outmaneuvered and mauled by his charming and cultured friend, Mr. Jack Garner of Texas, or whether he slyly acquiesced in the brutal dismemberment of the administration tax-reduction program. Color is lent to the latter view by the fact that the total amount of the tax reduction is fairly close to the casual prediction made by the Prince shortly before taking up the good old gavel for the seventieth session. Further color is given by his open opposition to the repeal of the federal inheritance-tax. On the other hand, despite circumstantial evidence, such treachery-flavored subtlety is so foreign to his loyal Ohio heart and head that it could be seriously entertained only by the low-minded and mean-spirited. Of these, however, there seem to be an astonishing plenty in Washington this winter.

But to resume the sequence of the aforementioned unusual events of these first three weeks—in the third week there came the ear-splitting Hearst Mexican charges. The net results of these up to date have been as follows:

First, they afforded four United States Senators opportunity to hurl back allegations of bribery and have their purity proclaimed to the wide, wide world by friends, foes, colleagues and press.

Second, the injured innocent of the Senate—the Hon. D. Reed of Pennsylvania—was enabled to dry his tears momentarily and change his role from that of the harrowed, hunted creature of the wild to that of a bold and fearless hunter, armed with a trusty rifle and plenty of ammunition. It was a great relief to him.

Third, Mr. Hearst got probably the worst excoriation that even he, in a long career filled with excoriations, had experienced. His fellow publishers wiped their feet on him with singular unanimity and enthusiasm. And it seemed to me that for the first time Mr. Hearst winced. In the past, one of the great assets of this remarkable man has been his complete indifference as to what anyone said or thought of him. But no one could read his reply to Senator Norris' denunciation without recognizing that he was unhappy and on the defensive. I should like, however, to record my feeling that he was treated by the Senate Committee before which he appeared with more consideration than he might reasonably have expected. I am told that the four Senators whose names were besmirched by the documents printed by Hearst feel that there was a lamentable lack of indignation upon the part of the Committee toward the publisher; that the Committee was, under the circumstances, altogether much too calm and judicial. It would be natural for the four Senators to feel that way.

What the ultimate outcome of this investigation will be, it is hardly possible to forecast. My belief is that, after a few more post-holiday thrills, it will peter out as has many another investigation.

I wish there were space this week to touch upon the complete failure of the first effort to head Hoover off by attacking his "constitutional ineligibility" and to discourse upon the very significant failure of the Democrats and so-called progressives to stand squarely with Walsh of Montana for a real investigation of the super-water-power trust. But I shall have to content myself with the hope that enough has been said to justify the contention that these three weeks have been an unusual start for any session.

T. R. B.

Washington.

A New York Diary

THE Irish Players have returned to New York after an absence of fifteen years. On their first visit, they performed the plays of Synge, Lady Gregory and Yeats. At that time the Abbey Theater, under the leadership of Yeats, was conducting a determined reaction against naturalism: it was attempting to restore to the modern stage some of the qualities of poetic drama. Yeats has recently confessed, in an open letter to Lady Gregory, apropos of some new poetic plays of his own, that the subsequent development of the Irish theater has been in precisely the opposite direction from that which he had originally contemplated; and the plays performed by the Irish Players on their present visit to New York have furnished striking evidence of the truth of this statement. Sean O'Casey is not, like Synge and Yeats, a composer of dramatic poems, but a dramatist of the same kind as Chekhov and Gorki, whom he seems attentively to have studied. There are no folk-stories in his plays and there is no attempt to exploit the beauties of the Anglo-Irish speech of the countryside. His characters are the inhabitants of the Dublin tenements and his speech is the speech of the modern Irish city, very far from the pure Irish of Synge, and with a considerable admixture of cockney. Both his plays which have been done here are concerned with the Easter Rebellion, and they convey such harsh and tragic criticism of Irish character as we find in James Joyce and other contemporary Irish novelists, and in Bernard Shaw's "John Bull's Other Island," which, though written for the Abbey Theater in its early phase,

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was never produced by it. "Juno and the Paycock," though full of excellent observation and an original sense of comedy, would probably be rather a bore if it were not so well acted by the Players; but O'Casey's later piece, "The Plough and the Stars," is a most remarkable production, richly written, for all its realism, and, in its vividly and ruthlessly combined discords of moral character—its powerful irony, at once comic and cruelly shocking—extraordinarily effective. The Irish Players, who came here fifteen years ago as inspired amateurs, have now become the expert and finished actors of a company almost as remarkable—or rather, remarkable in the same way—as the Moscow Art Theater and with plays by no means unworthy to be compared with the Russian ones. Sara Allgood, Maire O'Neill and Arthur Sinclair, who were first seen here in the "Playboy of the Western World," are still with the Abbey Players, and their art makes our serious American theater look almost as lax and incompetent as the Russians did.

What American manufacturers love to call their sound conservatism in the decorative arts has been a little disturbed by the exhibitions of French and Swedish work we have had recently in New York. There are signs, here and there, of a panicky attempt to be modern; and the result is what might be expected. Instead of arriving experimentally at modern designs, by a steady adaptation of traditional forms to new tastes and needs, as the European craftsmen have done, the American manufacturer, having lost the power of fresh design by his years of silly imitation, exercises neither restraint nor imagination in honestly facing his new problems. I came upon a display of Modern American silverware on Fifth Avenue the other day which was both painful and funny. It was funny because the manufacturer had obviously gritted his teeth and said to the designer: "Go as far as you like!" It was painful because the designer had applied a cubistic technique to surfaces that, in the sheer nature of things, cannot be treated cubistically; and because, instead of deriving his design from the actual function of a tea set and a salad set, he had sought to derive it, the advertisement placard said, from the skyscrapers of New York! Our skyscraper worship has produced some pretty sad results; but I think this cubistic claptrap in silver is about the worst I have seen.

This sort of innovation works a double harm. It makes people of taste think that all modern design is a bad joke; and, when it becomes a laughing-stock, it makes other manufacturers confirmed in their utter dependence upon copycatting the designs of the past. But our manufacturers apparently know no middle term between monastic sterility and an imperial orgy; and the fact is, one alternative is just as ridiculous as the other.

I wonder how many New Yorkers have seen some of the modern French furniture that Macy's is now showing and trying to popularize; and I wonder how many of them will realize that the bedroom suite, which occupies one of the exhibit rooms, is one of the finest sets of furniture that have been put on the market. I have not examined the cabinet work itself; but the chances are, since it is French, that the workmanship is excellent, and the design of every part, the chest of drawers, the electric side bracket, the bed, and the chairs, done in maple, highly finished, with all the decorative qualities of the wood itself brought out—to say nothing of a heavy rug, also light in tone—is a miracle of good taste, freshly applied to the problem. I am not by any means always enamored of French modernism; some of its designs are far from being direct and inevitable; and I find the Macy living-room much less satisfactory, particularly because of the upholstered "tub" chairs which are rather laboriously mannered; but the bedroom is all that luxury and taste can ask, and there are separate articles of furniture in other parts of the display, which are highly meritorious, in particular the day-beds flanked by book stands.

This is a brave start in the right direction; and Macy's deserves all encouragement for its enterprise. If these French pieces "go," the American manufacturer will soon have to realize that it is time to clear out his old curiosity shop of antiques and reproductions, and go in for a little fresh design.

With the coming of "Funny Face," Broadway now has three musical comedies that deserve the adjective (the other two being "Hit the Deck" and "A Connecticut Yankee"), and with Gershwin, Youmans and Richards all represented, the street can offer a choice among its freshest and most vigorous talents. "Funny Face" is not only musical, but if one cannot call the flimsy book a comedy, nevertheless the show is comic; and what with the work of William Kent, late of "Rose-Marie," Victor Moore, fresh from "Allez-Oop," and Fred and Adele Astaire of New York and London, no sparrow of humor can fall to earth unnoted. Perhaps unreasonably, the writer took special delight in the apprentice-burglar's proud boast of his famous brother, who had been "an artist with the sash-weight, and invented the overlapping grip on an ax-handle"—a remark which might well be the souvenir of an early but retired collaborator on the book, named Robert Benchley. It is unnecessary to say that the dancing of the Astaires suffices almost by itself to make any show worth seeing, but in this case it cannot be mentioned apart from the music which accompanies it; one is so of the fabric of the other that they become Gershwin dancing and Astaire tunes. The prize example of this collaboration is the song "My One and Only"; an odd dark melody in despairing Polish minors which Fred Astaire taps out opposite Gertrude McDonald in a series of soft-shoe variations which are the sensational event of the evening. The entire score is interesting, and the other songs most particularly to be noted down are "Let's Kiss and Make Up" (an advanced study in superimposed rhythms), "'S Wonderful," and "The Babbitt and the Bromide"; the last two no less for Ira Gershwin's lyrics than for his brother's music. "Plugging," the process whereby an audience's sales-resistance is pounded out of it for the benefit of the song-merchants in the lobby, is carried to the level of a fine art at "Funny Face," but what with the durability of the score and the variations afforded by an excellent male chorus, a good singing cast and the team of piano virtuosi Ohman and Arden, no one minds.

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Mrs. Southern

I. Mrs. Southern's Enemy.

Even as the shadows of the statues lengthen,
While, when the glowing glass below is broken,
The plunging images are shaken,
For the young, blue-winged god is woken,
Sighs, stretches, shivers, till his muscles strengthen
So he can trample down the flowers, forsaken
By their droning golden-liveried lovers, tumble
Among them till their red mouths tremble,
Already in the ancient house, whose shadow dies
With the slow opening of its hundred eyes,
Already, even then, Night the Black Panther
Is slinking, creeping down the corridors,
Lithe-swinging on her velvet paws,
Sharpening her treacherous claws
To frighten children.

And then it is I seem to see again
That gray typhoon we knew as Mrs. Southern,
Spinning along the darkened passages,
Watching things, tugging things,
Seeing to things, and putting things to rights.

Oh, would that the cruel daylight, too,
Could give us back again
Dear Mrs. Southern,
Dear selfless, blue-lipped Mrs. Southern,
Cross, mumbling, and transparent Mrs. Southern,
With her gray hair, gray face, and thinly-bitter smile,
In wide blue skirt, white spotted, and white apron;
On the very top of her head she carried a cap,
An emblem of respect and respectability, while
As though she were a Hindu charmer of snakes,
Her hair lay coiled and tame at the back of her head.
But her actual majesty was really the golden glory,
Through which she moved, a hurrying fly
Enshrined in moving amber,
As she spun along in a twisting column of golden atoms,
A halo of gold motes above and about her,
A column of visible, virtuous activity.
Her life was a span of hopeless conflict,
For she battled against Time,
That never vanquished and invisible foe.
She did not recognize her enemy,
She thought him Dust:
But what is Dust
Save Time's most lethal weapon,
His faithful ally and our sneaking foe,
Through whom Time steals and covers all we know,
The very instrument through whom he overcame
Great Nineveh and Rome and Carthage,
Ophir and Trebizond and Ephesus,
Now deep, all deep, so deep in dust?
    Even the lean and arid archeologist,
    Who bends above the stones, and peers and ponders,
    Will be his, too, one day.
Dust loads the dice,
Then challenges to play,
Each layer of dust upon a chair or table
A tablet to his future victory.
And Dust is cruel, no victory despising,
However slight,
And Dust is greedy, eats the very bones;
So that, in the end, still not content,
With trophies such as Helen of Troy,
Or with the conquering golden flesh of Cleopatra
    (She, perhaps, understood the age-long battle
    For did she not prefer to watch her pearl
    Dissolve in amber wine,
    Thus herself enjoying
    Its ultimate disintegration
    Than let Dust conquer such a thing of beauty:
    Was not the asp, fruit-hidden,
    The symbol of such understanding?)
He needs must seize on Mrs. Southern,
Poor mumbling, struggling, blue-lipped Mrs. Southern,
For Dust is insatiate and invincible.

II. Twilight.

Through long and intimate association
With the objects under her protection,
Mrs. Southern had the air
Of being in league with inanimate objects,
Conspirator with chairs and tables,
Sentient walls, inquisitive-eyed portraits.

So, when I hear faint creakings from a board
Or in the twilight the muffled hurry and harry
And worry and flurry of something that scurries along,
I wonder what it is, and whether Mrs. Southern wanders
And works and suffers, yet bound to chair and table;
    For she was always there,
    Whenever you looked round.
    She was there all the time
    While you had called her:
    Had been there for fifty years,
    Standing there, looking after things.

Is there, I wonder, is there in the guilty dust
Some indecipherable message
Written with accusing but invisible finger?
By a cruel fate, herself now actual part
Of that same foe she battled for a lifetime,
Surely she would betray him if she could,
As she watches him and his ally, the Black Panther,
    Stealing on velvet paws
    Through the long corridors
    Then slink into the garden where the red mouths tremble
    Till all the points of color crumble:
    Then the young wind-god is woken
    And battles with them as his muscles strengthen,
    By his daylong drowsiness forsaken.
    But the glowing glass below is broken,
    Till the plunging images are shaken,
    And the dying shadows lengthen,
        lengthen,
            lengthen.

Osbert Sitwell.

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Danton's Tod

Danton's Tod, by Georg Büchner. Century Theater. December 20, 1927.

TREMENDOUS applause from the whole audience followed the great scene of the Revolutionary Tribunal on the opening night of Reinhardt's Danton production, and marked what was the high watermark of the evening. From that scene the performance dwindled unevenly backward to the first and onward to the succeeding scenes of the play. There were admirable moments, for acting and for stage manipulation, there were scenes that limped and grew stale before your eyes; the production was full of spots.

Büchner's tragedy opens with a scene in a club, where Danton sits at the feet of a lady he loves and the deputies, Camille Desmoulins and Philippeau, reproach him for idling while their party goes to pieces. From that on we see his decline from fortune. Robespierre makes speeches to the mob; St. Just, after a visit from Danton and Robespierre advocating an end to the executions and bloodshed, presents a list of needed arrests, La Croix, Danton, Camille Desmoulins and others, which Robespierre is obliged to sign. Danton's arrest and trial follow; we see him and his friends in prison, the cart in which they are taken to their death, and finally Lucile, Camille's wife, as she wanders into the Place de la Revolution, out of her head with grief, and sinks at the foot of the guillotine.

The Danton of Paul Hartmann was not only a fine stroke in casting on the producer's part, but a superb piece of acting. The role called for a certain power and popular appeal, for physical magnetism, for reckless assurance, candor and feeling, a large order, as acting goes; and the playing and personal quality brought to it went far beyond even these demands. The stage does not often see the equal of a performance like that. Wladimir Sokoloff, who was the Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," gave an admirable portrayal, precise and varied, of Robespierre, small, pedantic, full of plausible commonplaces and insidious power; and Arnold Korff's St. Just was, in its way, equally good. Otherwise in the company's work there were fair enough spots here and there, not forgetting Rosamond Pinchot's scene where the grisette is at Danton's feet; but in general the acting was only fair, hard-working and honest enough, but not very vibrant, not very facile, and too often without poignancy or real talent. Compared to the Russians or to the Italians at their best, or to some of our own players, the majority of these German players come off poorly.

Apart from these two or three performances by individuals, the chief interest of the occasion was the production itself with regard to the light, the transition from one setting to another, the immense mechanics of the physical stage, and the management of the mass scenes. In these masses Reinhardt's genius has its full sway; they deserve every whit their fame and deserved the applause they got at the Century, despite the fact that many of the persons on the stage have had to be recruited here and trained within a short time.

This play around the figure of Danton must be, to some extent at least, a parallel to the Danton drama by Romain Rolland, with which Reinhardt opened his celebrated Grosse Schauspielhaus, "the theater of the five thousand," in 1920; and this fact serves to illustrate the amount of repetition and the many restatements of plays, themes and styles that we find in Reinhardt's career. The number of his productions is astonishing, and the number of styles and treatments essayed by his restless and incessant talent and ambition is almost as great. His course in the theater is one of unending change and flux and multiplication in the kinds of drama produced, in the styles of production, in the kinds of theaters, whether large, circus-like, small, intimate, formal, out-of-door, that are to house the ventures, and in the countries and nations before which these ventures are presented.

This overwhelming energy, repertory and range can be understood only by remembering causes and sources that we have not space here to go into; I mean, first, the Viennese devotion to the theater as the home of their intellectual activity, with the famous Burg Theater as the recognized center; second, that tradition of repertory of which the Germans are so proud and by which a multitude of plays are produced every season, drama of every sort, popular and classic, with Shakespeare running into several thousand performances annually—a system endorsed by state support; and, third, the revival in German theatrical enterprises, largely through the Reinhardt leadership, of the old baroque tradition that had dwindled for two centuries into a theater consisting mostly of words, and that brings into use all the arts and therefore into play the whole range of human talents and mediums of expression. Reinhardt's career is brilliantly free of imprisonment within any one of these mediums; we find here a production that relies more on drama than on any other element, there one that relies most on music, another on the decor, another on acting, and still another that employs all elements for its ends and, according to its will, controls and orchestrates them into a whole.

In this use of Reinhardt's of all the arts together in one complete art, the influence of Wagner is great; the same intention is apparent, the same theory. And it is in this Wagnerian realm that the greatest danger in a production like that of "Danton's Tod" must lie. Schopenhauer said it when he spoke of a certain "barbaric conception of enhancing esthetic enjoyment by accumulating the means of expression."

Another influence that cannot be overlooked in the development of Reinhardt's theater is that of modern German painting. With that influence connects his freedom from realism, his conceptions of stage design, of visual composition, and an underlying attitude of mind that carries into every part of his creation.

In my opinion, such a production as that of "Danton's Tod" has great shortcomings in taste, certainly in distinction of taste and in either austere or distinguished or penetrating imagination. It is too often intrusive and only barbarously elaborate. It is often only dull and hot or else brightly contrived and obvious. In the playing, and in a good deal of the production otherwise, everything is often heavy-weighted beyond all pleasure—the four men in the prison, for example, in the "Danton's Tod," are too slow

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and flat for words, their acting is without pathos or style or variety—I shall long remember that dragging interval, followed by those eight dull arms reaching around necks by way of farewell before the guillotine. Some of the playing, like that of Lucile, Camille Desmoulins' wife, by Lili Darvas, was astonishingly bad acting any way you take it. I miss, too, almost throughout such a method of production, the presence of that invention and delight, spontaneity and exhilaration by which the theater lives, and by which Reinhardt's own Vienna shines and the *commedia dell' arte* shone that drifted up from Italy and once blossomed there. I see rhythm but not much fluency; dogged perseverance, serious intention and profound economy of means and effects, but not much flame and insuppressible life.

What is impressive is the way in which this extraordinary theatrical mentality has made over the old theater forms to express the spirit of his own times and made a great mechanical invention out of a looser, if happier, thing. You cannot forget Reinhardt's use of structure, sounds, lighting; nor the manner in which he respects art and intellect and at the same time understands their theatrical and commercial values.

STARK YOUNG.

A Judge's Prose

IF WE measure the decisions of the Supreme Court by the space they fill, from earliest to latest, Mr. Justice Holmes has now taken part in more than a third. His twenty-five years at his present post are "a fifth of the active history of the Court, for, with less than a handful of exceptions, its significant decisions began with Marshall in 1801." Professor Frankfurter's "Mr. Justice Holmes and the Constitution," from which our facts and quotations are taken, appears in The Harvard Law Review for December, and fully to appreciate such an essay, written to illustrate a great judge's attitude, his beliefs, the procedure of his mind, one must of course be a lawyer with a mind of one's own, trained and worth training. But a layman may enjoy what experts understand. Everybody will enjoy Professor Frankfurter's anthology who shares his liking for English prose at its clearest and concisest.

"What an aphorist was lost when Oliver Wendell Holmes decided to study law, and what a writer of inscriptions on bronze and marble!" Whoever said that ought not to have said "lost," for although Mr. Justice Holmes' briefest phrases, like Burke's, are best in their context, even out of their context they have a life of their own: "The Fourteenth Amendment no more forbids double taxation than it does doubling the amount of a tax"—"The law does all that is needed when it does all that it can"—"Legislation may begin where an evil begins"—"The Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statics"—"But the word 'right' is the most deceptive of pitfalls; it is so easy to slip from a qualified meaning in the premises to an unqualified one in the conclusion. Most rights are qualified."

Admirable though these sentences are, they cannot help losing, when thus isolated, some of their virtue, for the prose of all great writers happens in time, it is movement in time. Only in longer extracts can we get a glimpse of the difficulties conquered by Mr. Justice Holmes' victorious clearness: "An adjustment of this sort under a power to regulate rates has to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. On the one side if the franchise is taken to mean that the most profitable return that could be got, free from competition, is protected by the Fourteenth Amendment, then the power to regulate is null. On the other hand if the power to regulate withdraws the protection of the Amendment altogether, then the property is naught. This is not a matter of economic theory, but of fair interpretation of a bargain. Neither extreme can have been meant. A midway between them must be hit." Often, before coming to the end of a paragraph, to words so irreducible that they get themselves by heart, we hear an uninsisting irony: "The legal conception of the necessary is apt to be confined to somewhat rudimentary wants, and there are benefits from a great river that might escape a lawyer's view. But the state is not required to submit even to an esthetic analysis. Any analysis may be inadequate. It finds itself in possession of a great public good, and what it has it may keep and give no one a reason for its will."

If intelligence is the faculty by which we see things as they are, a judge cannot be always intelligent without imagination. It is by imagination that he pierces through words and concepts to the things these stand for, that he grasps the realities of life and habit in distant places. In an opinion written in 1909, Mr. Justice Holmes quotes from the act by which Congress declared that all the property and rights acquired in the Philippines by the United States were to be administered "for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof," and then says: "It is reasonable to suppose that the attitude thus assumed by the United States with regard to what was unquestionably its own is also its attitude in deciding what it will claim for its own. The same statute made a bill of rights embodying the safeguards of the Constitution, and, like the Constitution, extends those safeguards to all. It provides that 'no law shall be enacted in said islands which shall deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, or deny to any person therein the equal protection of the laws.' §5. In the light of the declaration that we have quoted §12, it is hard to believe that the United States was ready to declare in the next breath that 'any person' did not embrace the inhabitants of Benguet, or that it meant by 'property' only that which had become such by ceremonies of which presumably a large part of the inhabitants never had heard, and that it proposed to treat as public land what they, by native custom and by long association, one of the profoundest factors in human thought, regarded as their own."

Of such a passage the best description is still what Sir James FitzJames Stephen said about some of Hume's later essays: "He throws aside all phrases, takes a half-malicious pleasure in exposing their weakness, and goes straight to the facts by a road on which all the most intelligent subsequent inquirers have followed him." The facts to which Mr. Justice Holmes goes straight are the

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facts of a complex and changing world, a world of relations not only between law and law, but between law and interests, between an interest and some other value. What makes his clearness and conciseness so difficult a feat, what gives them a part of their beauty, is the fact that the material out of which he has wrought them is both refractory and varied, and that they do its intricacy no injustice. But when we say this, we have not accounted for the pleasure his prose gives us, which is often indistinguishable from the sudden joy that we get from wit. His mind has wings, his skepticism has always criticized itself, a habit that is one sign more of the imaginative power which gives his conciseness so many dimensions. P. L.

CORRESPONDENCE

Prohibition: a Success

SIR: I have just read your editorial in the issue of December 21 on "Prohibition as an Issue" and am moved to make a few observations upon it.

The New Republic has a perfect right to agitate against prohibition if it chooses, but it should be fair and straightforward about it. An agitation on false assumptions is of no value and gets nowhere.

There runs through your editorial, as through most wet propaganda, the idea that the law is generally disobeyed by the American people. There is no evidence that such is the case. There are some violators, but they are few compared with the whole population. The liquor element is a lawless gang, always was. There is nothing to indicate that it is worse today than when the saloon was open. But the American people are law-abiding.

There is also the assumption that the American people are dissatisfied with the law, and are trying in vain to get a chance to express themselves against it. There is no evidence of that either. For ten years now they have kept a two-thirds or larger majority in both houses of Congress in spite of the strenuous efforts of the wets at every election to change it. In the last test vote in the Senate the opposition mustered six votes, which is a pretty good indication of how the matter stands. The reason why the wets are not getting what they want is because the people are against them and the majority is ruling.

There is also the statement that the lawless element is violating the law with "impunity." There is no evidence of that. They are sneaking around in the dark like the chicken thief or the purse snatcher. They do not have the dignity of the bank robber or the pay-roll bandit, who operates in daylight and with a show of courage. They are also the most contemptible "belly-achers" when one of their number is caught.

You also speak of "grim and ruthless enforcement," as though it was different from grim and ruthless enforcement of other laws. But to the violator of any law, enforcement has that appearance. As, for instance, Ruth and Judd. They do not like it. And it is easy to understand why. If the wets consider that they are doing humanity a service by running afoul this law, let them take their medicine with less "hollerin'" when the great American people trip them up.

You speak of the embarrassment of a wet candidate like Governor Smith in his efforts to make a campaign. This embarrassment arises from the fact that the wets are few and he has to appear dry to many voters to make any showing. That is probably the reason why he no longer says that he wants to get back to the time when we can put our feet on the brass rail and blow the suds off the top of the glass, but, on the contrary, says the enforcement law was not needed, there being already enough laws to make prohibition effective. Governor Smith can easily make an out-and-out wet campaign if he is willing to take the whipping.

The question gives every evidence of being settled. The persistent campaign of the "die-hards" now for ten years has made no impression. The benefits of prohibition, which are great, and the property of the average man, are too manifest for mere words to overcome. Violation would be much less if the ignorant dupes did not get the false idea from the propagandists that another violation or two would put an end to the law and bring back the saloon.

You have a perfect right to agitate against this law, but respect the two-thirds majority in Congress, now of ten years' standing. Respect the actions of forty-six states in ratifying it. Respect the Supreme Court, which has disagreed with you on every occasion. Respect the average voter, who persists in ignoring your agitation. Respect the increased sobriety and uprightness of millions of citizens which has resulted from the law. Respect the increased bank accounts it has produced. Respect the multiplied attendance at educational institutions since prohibition became the law.

If you rise to some such plane as this, then your campaign will have some dignity, but if you do, what will you have to offer?

Waterford, Pennsylvania. J. E. BARR.

"The A B C of Aesthetics"

SIR: It may be worth while commenting on Mr. Frank's criticism of my book even at this remove in time, since it is typical. The criticism is an invaluable illustration of the evils of secure knowledge of the things one doesn't know. Mr. Frank apparently "knows" what is essential to the "true" and "real," irrespective of what these terms are taken to mean. Only the lack of space prevents him from "isolating the assumptions which color" my esthetics—and incidentally, "to work out the inadequacy" of my essential conception—I cannot but admire this easy assurance—but his one attempt, *in re* the emotions, attributes to me a philosophical atomism which I regard as having no grounds whatever. I have been almost painfully careful throughout my book to distinguish scientific atomism as an abstraction, and what I have to say about the emotions is matter of observation under particular conditions. Whether good observation or not, it is merely descriptive science.

Again, Mr. Frank quotes a passage beginning, "Esthetics gives us fact, not truth. But fact, to be interesting to adults, in the long run must be true. . . . Our esthetic perception of the world must not contradict this [scientific] knowledge." "If this is not philosophy then Aristotle was a landscape painter," comments Mr. Frank. I suppose that the concluding sentence determines the comment, but, of course, I mean nothing more than the practical trend toward realism, even among the romantics. It is not what adults in the long run *ought* to do, but what they actually do that leads to this conclusion. Perhaps Aristotle *was* a landscape painter.

Mr. Frank speaks of my "furious pride" in telling what things I cannot understand. I must add to the list most of Mr. Frank's comment. Whenever he makes an intelligible statement, it is inaccurate. For instance, he attributes to me the stale grounds for inacceptance of philosophy that former systems were inadequate —abortions, he calls them—whereas my grounds, explicitly given, were their unintelligibility. According to Mr. Frank, I reduce the work of art to a "*mere* rationally cognitive object," whereas, if Mr. Frank were really the subtle analyst that he assumes to be, he would see at once what would follow. I have nowhere in my book implied that *anything* was a *mere* somewhat. I have insisted almost *ad nauseam* on the specific context. If I knew, or thought that I did, that anything was indeed a *mere* somewhat, I should have a metaphysics; which Mr. Frank thinks I ought to have, and which he even knows I have—in fact, he even knows what it is, but hasn't the space available in which to tell.

Finally, with charming tact, Mr. Frank tells me that I am a

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defeatist and an intellectual coward. Or does my cowardice lie in the fact that I am not inclined to accept—possibly that I am not afraid to be without—specific dogmatic beliefs for which I can find no grounds?

Mr. Frank's criticism is an excellent illustration of a confusion in roles. Mr. Frank is an evangelist and not a man of mind. His criticism assumes the Impregnable Rock of his Scripture, and its "truth," like all Gospel Truth, has no need to be intelligible. He read all those parts of my book which do not deal with esthetic technique as "mere" negative illustrations of this gospel. The consequence is that nothing in his statements is related to anything that I have said.

LEO STEIN.

Paris, France.

SIR: This rejoinder was inevitable. If Mr. Stein had been willing to find "intelligible" my sense of the limitations of his book, he would have found within himself a different book to write. I make the following notations:

1. If a man were to write a book entitled "The ABC of Mankind," and were to dwell exclusively on man as *a mammal,* one would be justified in saying that the author had treated man as a "mere" mammal, even if the word "mere" were not explicitly used. If a man were to write a book entitled "The ABC of Physiology," and in his discussion of each organ, either avoided stating what was its work in the body, or so restrictedly interpreted that work as to isolate the organ from the body's general behavior, one would be justified in holding that the author had failed of his duty.

2. I quarreled with Mr. Stein's treatment of the work of art as a "cognitive object" on his own grounds. He did not reveal the peculiar nature of this kind of object, precisely because he did not go back into the causes, nor forward into the experience, which the work of art as a result of human behavior inherently connotes.

3. So long as Mr. Stein uses such words as "truth" and "fact" he should define them, and not merely dismiss as unintelligible all former attempts to define them. His rationalistic attitude toward the art-body reveals that he does not take into consideration the esthetic *experience*—not as either contradicting or concurring in scientific knowledge and cognition, but as hierarchically different from them.

4. In my review, I could not be expected to offset the author's esthetic with a full exposition of my own. My business was simply to test the validity of his exposition of his subject (the ABC of Esthetics) in the context of the whole life of that subject. To the value of his analyses of details, I trust that I gave Mr. Stein due credit.

5. A defeatist is not a man who feels or who admits defeat: he is one who dogmatically insists that his defeat be shared by the world: and that what he has failed to know, no one can know. A truly humble man might say: "I mistrust mysticism, I do not understand philosophy." But it is a defeatist who writes: "Mysticism is sentimentality taken seriously. Philosophy is a pseudo-knowledge"; and who makes this the basis for whatever in his subject transcends an examination of a few isolated facts. I have for Leo Stein deep personal affection and regard. But the issue here was too important to permit me to mince words. I am sick and tired of this modern pose, that philosophy is unintelligible and that the metaphysicians have spent the ages rending each other in a vacuum. What *is* intelligible? What *is* knowledge? The answer—"scientific" or otherwise—comes from philosophy. Or is the criterion to be action? From Plato to Hegel, metaphysical and epistemological thought has been a constant, decisive action in the world of men. Philosophy is simply the study of *what is real.* If it is unintelligible to Mr. Stein, life is unintelligible to him. So be it. But if Leo Stein logically accepted this, he would not talk or write on any subject. For everything, being within and of the stuff of life, would share the unintelligibility of its substance. The fact is, as I said in my review, that Mr. Stein believes that *something* real can be found in a subject. The real part, he thinks, is that which falls within the field of descriptive science. Descriptive science, therefore, is his philosophy. Unfortunately, it is a poor one: in its claims to the real, it has been exploded as a disguised, perverse theology. If only Mr. Stein could allow himself to understand the philosophers, he would know why.

New York City. WALDO FRANK.

Students of Pacific Problems

SIR: Foregoing their four-day Thanksgiving holiday to devote themselves to serious study of problems confronting the Pacific nations, sixty foreign and American students gathered at the second annual Northern California Student Institute of Pacific Relations at the Montezuma Mountain School, about fifty miles south of San Francisco. Arranged and conducted entirely by students, the Institute is similar in purpose to the Institute of Pacific Relations which met at Honolulu this summer.

Living, eating, playing, studying together for four days, Indians, Koreans, Japanese, Chinese, English, Americans, Russians, and Filipinos, discussed their national problems with candor, depth of feeling, and concern, gaining new friendships and learning from each other more than any textbook or lecturer could hope to give, because of the influence of personal contact.

Perhaps the most concrete suggestions on the problem of establishing the feeling of race equality came from students considering the problems peculiar to the Pacific Coast. Believing that teachers, to a large extent, influence pupils in their race attitude, the group advocated introduction into the college curriculum preparing teachers the study of how to remove race prejudice. That teachers make a more conscious effort to teach race equality and that textbooks include not only facts and literature of America but of the Orient as well, as do Japanese textbooks, which contain facts of America and stories of our heroes, was advocated.

BARBARA DEWLANEY.

Stanford University, California.

The Curse of Charity

SIR: Christmas is here, and with it comes the spirit of charity. At this time of the year people endeavor to make themselves happy and momentarily brighten up the lives of the poor and the unfortunate. Charles Dickens has influenced the English-speaking world so that the heartless miser and the millionaire alike dig into their pockets and throw a crumb to the hungry and needy.

Would it not be better for society, instead of showing its charity during Christmas by giving a meal, a sermon, a pair of shoes, a box of candy and some toys to poor children, to delve deeply into the mire of human suffering and exterminate the evils which compel the dimpled babe to begin its life of privation while still in its mother's arms? Would it not be a wiser plan for the community to establish free employment bureaus so that the fathers of the poor would not be able to make their customary excuses of inability to procure employment and make beggars of their wives and children, whose arms are outstretched to receive alms?

Charity is a curse that is used to enslave mankind. It has reigned for nineteen centuries, and until the present day it has proven its futility. When a workless husband sees his wife receiving some crumbs from the fortunate, his initiative to work and provide for his family is killed, and he drags those dependent upon him into the cesspools of beggary. Charity has done nothing to alleviate the ills of the poor and rid the world of the foul leprosy that infests it, the slums—the causes of most prisons, asylums, hospitals and poor-houses.

Justice, not charity. Well-being upon the earth for every infant that opens its wondrous, startled eyes to the light of day. It is time for the fortunate to look after the unfortunate, the strong to be the shield of the weak—not merely for one day during the year but for the remaining 364. If each husband and father was guaranteed a job and a decent living wage, charity would be a thing of the past, the beggar's outstretched palm would fade, man's intellect would broaden, and above us all would shine the bright star of human hope.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. SAMUEL C. SEITZ.

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Farewell to Folly

The History of Reparations, by Carl Bergmann. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 333 pages. $6.

FOR a time representative of the German government with the Reparations Commission, and later its confidential adviser in negotiations with the Allied governments and the Dawes committee, Mr. Bergmann has here set down a conscientious record of the whole attempt to collect reparations, from the framing of the Treaty of Versailles to the present. Though he is naturally sympathetic with the German interest, his attitude toward the facts of the case is singularly objective; and his thoroughness does not permit him to shift emphasis by any selection of material. The plan of the book is rigorously chronological; every step of the slightest importance is ably summarized.

The picture which finally emerges from the record is a strange commentary on the frailty of international politics. At the beginning the Allies hale a culprit nation to the bar of justice, determined to force her to pay vast sums in absolution of her guilt. At the end, they raise the culprit to the status of virtual equality, helping her to recover her unity, spirit and economic strength, in order that she may coöperate with them in a mutual attempt to repay whatever may be possible. At the beginning, the emphasis is all on the dominance of the victors, on the righteous effort to coerce a supposedly recalcitrant will; at the end, the emphasis is on a coöperative human society, which can repair its wounds only as it stretches toward the sun in a natural process of growth. Though such reflections are nowhere expressed by the author, who in a humdrum way sticks close to his text, any historian philosophically inclined might find in the record of the reparations struggle a symbol of the great transition from the war neurosis to a condition of relative mental health.

From the first, the reparation plans went awry. The United States did not ratify the treaty and, consequently, could not assume, as had been planned, a vote in, and the chairmanship of, the Reparations Commission. France, therefore, dominated the Commission, and the British delegate, whenever he was inclined to be moderate, found himself in a hopeless minority. The controversy as to how great the total of reparations was to be, and how they were to be paid, was batted about like a tennis ball from conference to conference. The Germans, distrusting the Reparations Commission, would seek better terms by appealing over its head to the Allied governments. These would thereupon fall to quarreling among themselves. Failing to agree, they would prevail upon Germany to submit a new proposal of her own. Indignant rejection of this proposal would furnish the occasion of a reunification of the Allies. Germany would then be cast back upon the Reparations Commission, to start the tread-mill all over again.

Woven through these futile maneuvers was the dilemma as to whether the total amount of reparations should be fixed. On the one hand, it was said that, unless a total were fixed, Germany could never be sure where she stood, and neither the will to pay nor the economic stability necessary for payment would arise. On the other hand, every attempt to fix the total left the Allied minimum so far above the German maximum that the controversy was exacerbated and no result was achieved. Many, therefore, thought that the main task was to fix the immediate payments, leaving determination of future sums to the unpredictable event of Germany's future capacity to pay. At the London conference, a total was finally decided upon and a reluctant Germany was forced to accept the obligation of the noted A, B, and C bonds. But the situation became worse than ever because of the economically impossible size of the total and the absence of any practicable means of collection and transfer.

In the meantime, the reparation accounts were becoming more and more confused; deliveries in kind, when finally valued, were found to be insufficient even to pay the costs of the armies of occupation, and the delivery of the first billion in cash gave German foreign exchange a great impetus along its downward course.

More light is here thrown upon the Ruhr occupation than in any previously published document. It arose, according to Mr. Bergmann, not as a result of any new default of Germany, but as a consequence of a failure to agree upon reparation methods among the Allies themselves. Poincaré, he believes, was dubious and almost reluctant to take the step, but was pushed into it by Millerand, who was close to the iron and steel interests. Having entered upon his course, Poincaré obstinately stuck to it for the sake of his political prestige, because he really entertained some notion that it would bring reparations, and because he did not know what else to do. Mr. Bergmann does not believe that the occupation was a veiled attempt at permanent annexation, at least on the part of Poincaré. Mr. Bergmann also denies the story that Poincaré was forced to consent to the appointment of the Dawes committee, which eventually led to the Ruhr evacuation, by any pressure exerted by the American bankers who loaned the money to rescue the French franc. For this whole mystery he offers no explanation. He does not, however, shut the door to the view that the occupation was a step in the effort of French heavy industry to force the German coal and iron interests, on terms favorable to the French, into an international cartel, and that it was called off, much as a strike would be called off, partly because of the growing French fiscal weakness, and partly because the invasion had broken the resistance of the German industrialists to offering France a large share in the proceeds of the international combination, which had long been discussed, and which, as a matter of fact, did follow the Dawes settlement.

One matter the author makes clear which had not before been sufficiently understood. German "passive resistance" was so costly that it was, together with the economic damage done by the occupation, a principal cause of the decline of the mark. Nevertheless, after passive resistance had been abandoned, heroic efforts at home actually brought about a surplus in the German budget, while the establishment of the Rentenbank actually stabilized the currency for a time. Moreover, the occupation did in the end, through the Micum agreements, yield to France and Belgium a considerable net profit. The intervention of the Dawes Plan was, therefore, unnecessary either to bring about the payment of *some* reparations or to stabilize the German currency. It was essential only to bring about the economic reunification of Germany and the broader stability which could make possible a maximum of reparations and the wholesome economic growth of a reunited Europe.

German memoranda, early in the struggle, had predicted the unsatisfactory results of unduly heavy demands, combined with restrictions on German recovery. Likewise, most essential elements in the Dawes Plan had been proposed and discussed many times before, notably in the Belgian notes, which did not meet with French approval. The dramatic and surprising fact was that the proposals were

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finally accepted. The only important novelty in the plan is the creation of the Transfer committee, composed exclusively of Allied representatives, which is charged with the responsibility of transfer without unduly depressing German foreign exchange. This is an enormous advance as a political maneuver, because it removes from Germany the responsibility and the liability to sanctions in the process of transferring reparations—always thought to be the chief limiting factor. Germany can no longer be punished for failing to do the impossible. It is to be noted, however, that not even the Dawes Plan fixes a total for reparations.

On September 1, 1928, the critical period of reparations will be here. Can Germany sufficiently enlarge her balance of exports—visible and invisible—to make possible the transfer of the enlarged cash payments? In common with many authorities, Mr. Bergmann does not think so. He visualizes, as a solution, the goal toward which he thinks the reparations controversy has all the while been moving. The total obligation will then be fixed. This fixation will come in the form of a foreign loan to Germany, to be bought by private investors, the capital to be used to repay the Allied governments in a lump sum. The interest and amortization will be guaranteed by continuance of the present Dawes machinery. Such proposals have often been made in the past. When made by Germany in the early stages of the controversy, they were indignantly rejected by the Allies. When made by others, more recently, they were attacked by economists who pointed out that it would be no easier for Germany to transfer across her borders interest on bonds than reparation instalments. This criticism assumed that the bond issue was to be employed as a way around the payment of an impossible total of direct reparations. If Mr. Bergmann is right, however, the experience of the Transfer committee will inform investors as to the capacity of Germany to pay, and any effort to sell too large a total of bonds will, therefore, fail through a lack of confidence on the part of the investing public. The total of the foreign loan cannot exceed a capitalization of the demonstrated possibility of transfer. Acceptance of the bond-issue solution will, therefore, furnish a sound limit to reparations, through the informed business judgment of investors regarding the capacity of Germany to pay. This would be substituting an economic for a political solution, with a vengeance.

GEORGE SOULE.

The Roof of the World

The Story of Everest, by Captain John Noel. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 258 pages. $4.

George Leigh Mallory, by David Pye. New York: Oxford University Press. 183 pages. $3.50.

ALL too seldom, unfortunately, do explorers—men of imaginative action and out-of-doors—possess the faculty of interpreting in literature the fascination of their work, the drama of its failures and achievements. Some, with an admirable modesty that is paradoxically a sublime selfishness, work and leave no trace, while others attempt a transcript which, frequently, is woefully inadequate to the actual experience.

Luckily, for those who crave the emotions of adventure without its reality, Captain Noel has caught and successfully presented the epic quality of the assaults upon Mount Everest—and more than that—the grandeur, awfulness and uncanny human quality which Chomo Lungma, Goddess Mother of the World, possesses for the Tibetans who dwell at her broad base. And, as background for his story of occidental heroics, Captain Noel has skillfully woven an oriental skein—of the poetry of Tibetan names, the lore of Tibetan customs and the romance and demonry with which the Tibetans have invested the Colossus of the Himalayas.

Altogether, from a literary viewpoint, as well as that of readability and completeness, the author has done better than the official publications of the committee which organized the reconnaissance of and the two assaults upon Everest. His book contains none of that repetition of individual reports, tediousness and lack of dramatization which mark the official volumes, such as "The Fight for Everest," published in 1924. He has not hesitated in criticism—of which one finds little in the official reports, naturally, as a close group of Englishmen are not inclined to judge each other before the world. His criticism is always gracious, modest and impersonal. Notably, Captain Noel is dubious of the choice of spring for the attacks upon the mountain. For then, the margin of time for the climb, between May 15, or the end of winter, and the first or second weeks of June, when the Indian monsoon breaks, is dangerously slight. He prefers the autumn season—August into September.

While not a mountain climber himself, but the official cinematographer and photographer of the expeditions of 1922 and 1924, Captain Noel has included, in an appendix, a thorough outline of recommendations for another attack upon Everest. He holds a firm belief that the summit will be reached and that, one day, it will be accessible to the average hardy tourist. He bases his calculations upon organization rather than upon mountaineering skill. For Everest, he contends, is alone not at all an impossibly difficult climb. Her bitterest allies are wind and weather, which a climber can overcome by proper shelters, acclimatization and perfected oxygen gas apparatus. Throughout the text are numerous references to means of coping with the elements, which show the author's sound knowledge of how to combat the violences of nature.

There is a good answer given to the customary challenge of "Why go to the North Pole?" or "Why climb Mount Everest?" It is a quotation from George Leigh Mallory, who, with Andrew Irvine, lost his life during the ascent or descent of the final pyramid in 1924. It is, simply, "Because it is there." Because the mountain is there. That seems final and wholly sufficient. Nevertheless, the attempts to climb Everest have produced one significant, scientific result: evidence of the adaptability of the lungs at high altitudes. Through laboratory tests, scientists had fixed that altitude beyond which men could not live without resorting to oxygen gas. The actual experience on Everest upset these calculations, as, in the laboratories, it had never been taken into account that the lungs would naturally adjust themselves after some days at high altitudes; that humans would acclimatize. After living for weeks on the mountain slope, Colonel Norton and Howard Somervell were able to climb to 28,000 feet above sea level without oxygen, an altitude that had hitherto been considered too rarefied to support life. This knowledge gained by the Everest climbers may some day be of great value in the development of high altitude flying.

The biography of George Leigh Mallory deals only partially with Mount Everest. Whatever value it may have is not as it treats of Everest, but as it shows the development of a mountaineer and a potential educator—whose life was taken by a mountain. It suggests too much a privately published volume. Mallory was, beyond any doubt, a supremely fine type of young Englishman, and

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lost his life nobly. Yet, at thirty-six years, it seems that that life had not yet become of sufficient significance to justify its presentation before the public in biographic form. Nevertheless, the book contains a few interesting ideas on education and something *thoughtful* in Mallory's sometimes expressed belief that Everest might be inaccessible. Although always at the forefront of the climbers, the Hercules of them all, he had hesitated, at first, at going out on the last—and for him fatal—attempt to scale the Goddess Mother of the World. JAMES B. WHARTON.

Amerindian Poet

God's Drum, and other cycles from Indian Lore, by Hartley Alexander. Illustrations by Anders John Haugseth. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 231 pages. $7.50.

THE services of Hartley Alexander in widening the cultural horizons of the West have been so great that his own character as poet has often been obscured. He is known as professor of philosophy, as defender of Goodhue's tower on the Nebraska prairies, as interpreter of American Indian thought both here and abroad—rather than as the bearer of great gifts of imagination and eloquence. Even "Manito Masks," published two years ago, which attracted more notice than any previous book of Alexander's, was considered mostly as interpretation, and the creative force which would have made the plays memorable, even if they had not dealt with such interesting Indian materials, was little commented upon.

In "Manito Masks," Alexander says he is trying "to achieve a form which shall preserve the Indian attitude in its integrity, and yet interpret it to the white man's mind." The same in "God's Drum." But be it noted that what the poet calls "interpretation" is original creation out of Indian materials. He adds scholarly comment on the Indian's own great art, but he does not merely tell us what the Indian sings. The singing is his own, embodying Indian content. This is a feat of the imagination of the same order—whatever may be said of degree—as Coleridge's creation of the Ancient Mariner out of traveler's tales which has recently been explained for us by Professor Lowes in "The Road to Xanadu."

In "God's Drum," as in "Manito Masks," there is added to the poetic text the astonishing black and white decorations of Mr. Haugseth. We have the word of the poet that these pictures are soundly studied in their intricate, barbarous, richly emotional patterns. They do more than illustrate; they extend the implications of the book by being, when compared with the poems, more contemplative, less immediate, more self-conscious. They seem to come from further south—looking to Mexico rather than Quivera.

The poems in "God's Drum" are in six groups, but of three kinds. The "hymns" (I do not know a better word) are impressive examples of the art which for the Indian "is never merely ornamental . . . it is the intrinsic and indispensable mode of performing the essential acts of living." They are examples of that art, although born of an alien poetic imagination. There is also a group of masculine romantic ballads lamenting the white man's brutalities, and there is a group of invocations to the Aztec gods.

If the hymns were merely what are called "imitations," "God's Drum" would be interesting and useful but of secondary importance. Certainly we have little poetry today that comes out of any living texture, as the Pueblo songs came, ejaculatory and passionate, out of the business of life. Our poems, if not merely cerebral and personal, are dyed in the passions of dead romance. What is Hecuba to us—or Tristan? As much, one might say, as The Woman who dwells in the Place of Mists. Alexander would probably agree; he is not contending for any half-geographic, half-mystical "American" rhythms. But when we make poetry out of dead romance, we make—with great ease—just romantic poetry, genius in that genre notwithstanding. The distinction of Hartley Alexander is that he is trying something else. The degree of his success must be judged by the few who know the Indian's world and the white man's world both, as well as he does. But the effort has its own eminent importance in American cultural history, and the poems fix their intrinsic value by their stirring beauty.

LYMAN BRYSON.

Translated Fiction

The Man Who Conquered Death, by Franz Werfel. Translated by Clifton P. Fadiman and William A. Drake. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

THE Germans, from whom we somehow expect long novels, can write short ones—as witness "The Man Who Conquered Death." Herr Fiala, an elderly Viennese just managing to support his family as a watchman, has insured his life in such a way that if he can survive his sixty-fifth birthday, his family will be provided for. A few months before the policy is payable, he collapses and begins to die. As his losing fight draws to its climax, the ugly dissonances of poverty and commonplace dirt resolve slowly into a minor chord, which touches beauty, while the dissonances still echo. It is the old legerdemain of the flower on the dung-hill; though here the smell of the dung-hill is stronger than the flower's.

The Fifth Child, by Klaus Mann. Translated by Lambert Armour Shears. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

THOMAS MANN'S son has also written a very short book—perhaps in his case it is merely the rebellion of youth—and a very good one. The widow of a famous philosopher, living in seclusion with her four children, is visited by a young man whom her husband's philosophy has made an enemy of society. He falls in love with the children, and she with him. The title indicates the outcome. The author's touch is happy, happiest with the children. It costs some effort to say this, after the publisher's modest announcement that the book "draws the portrait of the child eternal . . . more truly and sensitively and beautifully than any other book of our time."

Conflicts, by Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

THREE studies in the pathology of love. "Conflicts" is well named, for not only are the stories dramatic in themselves, but the whole book embodies an essential conflict between subject and technique. Two of these stories are told in retrospect, and the third in quiet narrative. They are like plays read in the study. Their dramatic element, consequently, loses in bluntness what it gains in edge. A middle-aged English widow tells how she tried to rescue a young gambler at Monte Carlo, and how her success, more than her failure, upset her even

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life; a German-Jewish business man, ignored by his wife and daughter, breaks his heart in loneliness and jealousy; the friendship between a professor and a young student is killed when the teacher confesses that he is a homo-sexual. This is material that a less conscientious hand might easily have smoothed and patted into bathos. Herr Zweig, however, in spite of all temptations—and he is a German—remains unsentimental, an artist.

The Man Who Was Born Again, by Paul Busson. Translated by Prince Mirski and Thomas Moult. New York: The John Day Company. $2.50.

IF we had not already been treated to "Power," by Feuchtwanger, we might have hailed "The Man Who Was Born Again" as something quite out of the ordinary. As it is, however, we shall have to give Herr Busson a *proxime accessit*. Like "Power," "The Man Who Was Born Again" is a kind of picaresque romance, with the colors laid on thick and bright, but the whole cheapened and vitiated by that same tint of pseudo-esoterics which our Mr. Cabell finds so much to his taste. The book purports to be the narrative of one Sennon Vorauf, who has succeeded in recollecting the events of a previous existence as a roystering eighteenth-century German baron. If there is any fault to find with his memory, it is only that it suffers from total recall. The baron's life was not lacking in wine, women and sword-play; his adventures are thrilling and gruesome, and, as he makes the social error of visiting Paris while the Revolution is on, his final interview is with the executioner Samson himself. As a story, and minus the mystic lore, it is Grade A. But the mystic lore does keep seeping in.

The Gateway to Life, by Frank Thiess. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

HERR THIESS was lucky in his translator, but the good luck was mutual. "The Gateway to Life" is a picture of German high-school youth, of the present generation; the chief figures a half-dozen bosom friends of the graduating class. The story is not only about them, but for them. The author has certainly taken sides against their elders, but the result is not nearly so much a diatribe against authoritarian age as it is a pæan of gallant and serious-minded youth. The book is perfectly in character; there is no humor in it. It is significant that the War itself is never mentioned: it is in the background of their lives, and responsible for much, but the fact itself never touched them, and is forgotten. They all look forward. Those who still remember what they wanted to do when they were young may find some stirring pages in this story—a story so young and earnest that it makes some of those whom we playfully call our "young hopefuls" look precociously impotent.

The Bloody Poet, by Desider Kostolanyi. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.50.

LET Henty himself turn in his grave, but we hold this truth to be self-evident: that we need not be drenched in scholarship to give the wreath or the booby-prize to an historical novel. When a story of olden days makes us feel at home in it—or makes us imagine we do—it is historically "right," as far as we care anything about it. A little incongruity, however, of tone or incident or atmosphere, will anachronize us back again into the carping twentieth century. "The Bloody Poet" is far from "right." In fact, we never make the necessary unconditional surrender which the author always demands of his readers—and sometimes gets. M. Kostolanyi's Nero—his "bloody poet"—is a very bad actor. He never lets us forget the gap between the stage he wallows on and our own uncomfortable seats. He has never heard of the "fourth-wall" theory. In short, he bustles through his part with no conviction. Unfortunately for him and his author, however, we know the tragedy of old, and its possibilities. In these days, a stern police have left us no recourse but mild protest. The Athenians were harsher.

The Paul Street Boys, by Ferenc Molnar. New York: Macy-Masius. $2.

MR. MOLNAR, whom we have come to think of as a kind of Hungarian play-boy, makes us sit up and take notice with his "Paul Street Boys." It is a little masterpiece—in masterpieces, after all, size does make a difference. He introduces us to a gang of grammar-school boys, and then leaves us alone to watch and overhear them. Such is the author's integrity that he never once interferes. The excitement at times—culminating in the boys' defense of their playground against a rival gang—is really fierce. This is boyhood in its native state, and not (as in even the best of Tarkington, for instance) watched amusedly by the knowing eye of the grown-up. The story ends with the death of the smallest and pluckiest. If it seems a pity, we must remember that, after all, it is only old soldiers who never die.

Charlotte Löwensköld, by Selma Lagerlöf. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

TO READ "Charlotte Löwensköld" is like listening to the conversation of a charming and wise elderly lady, who knows her world and is often amused by it. In other words, a treat. We are so delighted with Charlotte and irritated by her pig-headed, self-righteous fiancé, whom we often wish to the devil, so drawn to the bluff Ironmaster and the old couple at the Deanery, that, when we have said goodbye to all of them, our reaction is to be a little ashamed of ourselves for being so taken in. Were we taken in? But there are such people, and you know it. Yes, perhaps, but—. Well, at any rate, Selma Lagerlöf persuades us, at least while we are reading about them, that these queer Scandinavians are really as human as ourselves. This is pure magic.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

Contributors

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